

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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(FROM THE FRENCH OF JOHN FREDERIC
OBERLIN.)

"Be careful for nothing." — PHIL. iv. 6.

"De quoi t'alarmes-tu, mon cœur?"

WHY art thou cast down, O my soul?

Uplift thee, and be strong,

Thy care upon thy Maker roll;

Thy sadness doth Him wrong.

Beneath his eye

Thy goings lie:

The God who rules above

His child doth know and love.

Come, gaze on yonder vaulted sky:

Say, can thy glance embrace

The worlds wherewith the Lord most high

Hath sown the fields of space?

Though skill of thine

And strength combine,

Yet never shall thy hand

Create one grain of sand.

Thy Helper is the Lord of all

He marks thy lightest sigh:

A thousand means, at His high call,

For thy defence are nigh:

Safe in His care

No storm shall bear

One hair from off thy head,

Though nature quails in dread.

Thou formed'st man of earthly mould,

Almighty! by Thy power:

Not Solomon, in gems and gold,

Could match Thy simplest flower:

Thy single word

Sufficed, O Lord,

To fill heaven's boundless sphere;

And lo! I faint and fear!

The worlds which run their course on high,

This blossom sweet and fair,

The stars in voiceless harmony,

Yon leaflet falling there, —

Shall these obey

One law, one sway,

And I aside be thrown,

The sport of chance alone?

Then with thy cares, my soul, have done:

Thy grief beclouds thy view:

How shall not He who gave His Son

Give food and raiment too?

The life is more

Than roof and store:

No fear lest thou His child

Be from His care exiled!

Long as I live, my hand in Thine,

I to Thy side will cling,

For life is gain, O Guide divine!

While safe beneath Thy wing:

Lo! all is well:

Each ill shall tell

For blessing, moulded still

By Thy controlling will.

If Thou give ear when I aspire,

I'll praise Thy tenderness:

And if Thou cross my heart's desire,

I will Thy wisdom bless:

All-gracious One,

Thy will be done!

Thy love I know, I see;

And I can trust in Thee!

And when Thy solemn call I hear,

And yield my latest sigh,

Then, O my Father, draw Thou near,

And give me grace to die!

So while at rest

Upon Thy breast

My spirit Thou shalt keep,

My dust in hope shall sleep.

Sunday Magazine.

"FAUNE NYMPHARUM, FUGIENTUM AMATOR."

"BOLD Faun, who lovest the Nymphs who fly
When my sunny homestead thou comest nigh,
Come gently, and look on thy progeny,
Ere thou goest with kindly eyes.

"So at each year's end a young kid shall die;
And generous wines shall the cup supply
That Venus loves; and the smoke on high
From thy time-honoured shrine shall rise.

"In the bright green meadows the herds shall
play,
When the Nones of December bring the day,
And the village be decked in its festive array,
And the oxen have naught to do.

"Mongst the lambs unfrighted the wolf shall
stray;
And the greensward strew thee a leafy way;
On the turf that he hateth the delver gay
Shall foot it the evening through."
J. C. Baring. Rhymed Version of Lyrical
Horace.

LOVE IN ABSENCE.

Midst all the turmoil of the busy day,
And in the peaceful stillness of the night,
Recurr'st thy dear fond name; where'er I pray
Yearn I to see thy loving face so bright.
All in a mist, where'er thou art not here,
Looms in the distance, phantom-like, thy face;
I can in fancy, darling, feel thee near —
Can feel thy power and every soothing grace.
Ever in my heart an echoing sound
Yields up its tune to Love's untiring hand;
O'er my lone spirit love-born joys abound,
Unclouded by a shadow is Love's land.
Nor pen, nor voice, my love can ever tell;
God knoweth how I love! Darling, farewell!
Tinsley's Magazine.

From The Westminster Review.

THE FUTURE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

"To be, or not to be?" That is the question which, in a wider sense than Hamlet's this great nation is now putting to itself concerning its own imperial existence. Shall the British Empire continue to be a term applicable to a world-wide system of territories and States, or shall it apply merely to a small insular portion of the European continent? Shall the "United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland" describe literally, and in fact, the limits of the Queen's rule? Shall that colonial empire which has been built up by means of so much individual sacrifice and toil, and which represents a sphere of political influence and national life, larger than has fallen to the lot of any other people, perish beneath dismemberment? Shall England abdicate her function as the mother of colonies, and force her sons, when necessity sends them from her shores, to find homes and citizenship in alien States? These are questions which surely are as well worth considering now as many other topics of more popular interest, but of far less gravity and significance.

Vast as our Colonial Empire is, it is by no means easy to describe the mode of its acquisition—England has colonized with no set political purpose—on no settled principle of action. Her colonies have spread and multiplied under the mere chance pressure of events. Like Topsy they have grown to their present proportions without any consciousness of the process on the part of their imperial possessor. It cannot be said that in more than one or two instances this country has planted her flag on distant shores with distinct ideas of territorial aggrandizement, or even with any systematic intentions of colonization. The British provinces of the now United States presented perhaps the most perfect examples of colonies designedly formed by the State. Canada, the Cape Colony, Natal, Mauritius, and India, are the most conspicuous cases of possessions acquired by conquest, more with the view of humiliating a European foe and asserting national supremacy, than with any material regard to their value as homes for British people and fields for British enterprise.

The great Australian colonies may be considered to be self-grown. It is very improbable that the authorities who selected New South Wales as a convenient place for a convict settlement contemplated a time when a populous and civilized community should be formed there. British colonization has with scarcely an appreciable exception been the work of private enterprise—the result of individual impulse on the part of outgoing British citizens. All that the State has done has been to assert its authority whenever a community came to need the exercise of governmental functions. According to the feeling so prevalent in many quarters, even this amount of interference would be grudged now. No one will deny that the possession of seaports and the control of coastlines were considered very much more important matters twenty and thirty years ago, and earlier, than they are held at present. The Fiji Islands in the Pacific Ocean afford a case in point. English settlers reside there, and the natives are anxious—or understood to be so—for British rule, but the Home authorities have recently declined to bring them under the Queen's sway. Fifty years ago annexation would have taken place almost as a matter of course.

In one sense, therefore, the responsibility of this country in connexion with her colonies is less than it would be had they been born and reared under the fostering care of State interference. Had England, when taking possession of Australia and South Africa, publicly proclaimed her intention of establishing these communities of her expatriated citizens, and had she carried forward emigration as a national undertaking, it would scarcely be possible for her even to consider the possibility of their abandonment, or to withdraw from them her protection, unless with their express concurrence. But as it is her obligations are binding enough. Writers and speakers in dealing with this question seem often to lose sight of its moral aspects. Do moral rules apply to nations as well as to individuals? If so, then is a nation justified, after accepting and exercising rule over a country throughout a lengthened period, in proposing to abdicate that power when its possession becomes irksome, or seems likely

to entail unforeseen responsibilities? The recognition of British rule has in all our colonies led men to settle and form homes there, to invest their industry and their capital, to expend their efforts and make all their arrangements on the understanding that they and their sons lost no rights of British citizenship by migration to the other, but still English governed lands. Nor does the fact of self-government having been given to these communities seem to diminish the moral force of the obligations thus created. When these free constitutions were granted nothing was said of their being the foreshadowing of complete separation. They were given as much to suit the convenience of home statesmen as to meet the view of the colonists, and we very much doubt whether the latter would have cared to accept a boon fraught with such perilous and distasteful consequences.

But before we proceed to consider the main question at issue let us glance as swiftly as we can, with due regard for the comprehension of facts, at the growth and the present position of our colonial possessions. Their manner of growth has been about as unregulated and inharmonious as their mode of acquisition. Spontaneous emigration has peopled them all. In Canada easy facilities for acquiring land have drawn people there. In Australia gold has been the chief magnet. Where these agencies have not been at work colonization — as at the Cape — has advanced but slowly. In India, for we cannot but regard that conquered country as a colony, material growth in all that makes modern states prosperous has been a recent development. Even there — the grandest field for systematic action by a civilizing state that any empire possessed — private enterprise has been the chief operant. Railway construction, tea and cotton culture, and mining industry, all owe their being and their progress to private effort, rather than to Imperial statesmanship.

In spite, however, of this absence of national action the rate of growth has been almost incredible. Few people, we believe, who have not studied the subject, have a fair idea of what our colonial empire has become in a commercial and material sense, and what it contributes to the sum total of

our national greatness. When it is remembered how few families there are throughout the United Kingdom unrepresented by some member or connexion in one or other of the colonies, the extent of this ignorance concerning colonial matters is somewhat strange. It is due, however, partly to the distance from home of these scattered countries, partly to habitual disregard of such topics and partly to the want of trustworthy information on the subject in a compact and accessible form. School books, as a rule, supply every needful particular respecting the pettiest European state, but they are singularly reticent about the affairs of territories occupied by British citizens and subjects of incomparably greater size and importance.

It might be interesting as a matter of comparison to look at the condition of the colonial empire twenty-five years ago, and see thereby how entirely its expansion is a development of our own times. Fifty years ago such a review would have been practically confined to Canada and the East and West Indies. Now it takes in Australia and New Zealand, South Africa, North West America, and several detached settlements, such as Mauritius and other outposts of the sea. Mr. Hyde Clarke said at the Society of Arts, during the discussion on a paper from which we shall have to quote, that "whether we regarded the population, the extent of area or the amount of wealth, the empire of England stood second to none in the world. As regarded population, it came only after China; as to area, only after Russia." A yet more perfect conception of the empire will perhaps be obtained from a passage of the paper itself, where the writer says: —

"We have seen that the colonial empire of Great Britain now embraces an area of 4,562,000 square miles (exclusive of the Hudson's Bay territory), considerably more than the area of Europe. We have seen that this immense range of territory is peopled by 160 millions of men, representing every shade of colour and all extremes of civilization and of barbarism. We have seen that the combined trade of these regions has, in the space of sixteen years, increased fourfold, that is, from 65,000,000*l.* in 1850 to 280,000,000*l.* in 1866. We have seen that, at the beginning of that period, the

aggregate of the colonial imports was 33,000,000*l.*, and of exports 31,000,000*l.*, and that at the end of it these figures had become 137,000,000*l.* and 143,000,000*l.* respectively. But what to my countrymen will be a yet more interesting result, is the fact that the consumption by the colonies of British manufactures has kept pace with the rest of their trade, the imports from the United Kingdom having been, in 1850, 18,000,000*l.*, and in 1866, 61,000,000*l.* The exports from the colonies to the mother country have increased in a yet greater ratio. In 1850 they corresponded with the imports, being 18,000,000*l.*; in 1866 they were 74,000,000*l.* In sixteen years, therefore, the trade of the United Kingdom with her colonies advanced from 37,000,000*l.* to 135,000,000*l.* If we exclude India from the estimate, we find that what may be strictly regarded as the colonial trade of Great Britain, the simple result of Anglo-Saxon colonization during the last twenty-five years — the fruits of the efforts and enterprise of Anglo-Saxon colonists in Australia, Canada, South Africa, and the Indian islands — has advanced from 34,000,000*l.*, in 1850, to 157,000,000*l.*, in 1866."

No other age or country can show figures like these. They represent marvels which surpass the excesses of ancient fable, and achievements which are not rivalled by any passage of the world's history. Fully to realize their significance we must follow the writer a little further, when he says:

"The tables of exports we have so rapidly glanced at are, in themselves, revelations of industrial progress. They tell of mining enterprise deep in the bowels of the earth, employing hundreds of thousands of hands, representing millions of capital expended in labour and machinery, and producing results which seem almost fabulous; of ploughs set to work in remote bush-lands of Australia, upon distant uplands in Africa, amongst the far pine-forests of the Canadas; of flocks and herds spreading over the new pastures of unpeopled lands; of homesteads springing up in regions where barbarism has brooded, and where nature alone has reigned; of multiplying mills, out-branching railways, and thickening traffic in and through countries which but yesterday were untrodden solitudes. To colonists, these figures tell also a further tale, of privations endured, of sacrifices undergone, of disappointments borne — a tale of struggle with stubborn difficulties; of battle with ignorance, inexperience, and novelty; of contention with nature's baffling forces encoun-

tered under new conditions. I suppose that in no colony has any one export been established without a measure of failure and loss on the part of its first promoters, such as can only be understood by persons who have passed through such an ordeal. In the early years of all new settlements agriculture is entirely experimental, and industry is often fruitless. Before a body of colonists can feel confident of what the country of their choice is capable, and how its resources can be most profitably developed, they have to pass through a wearisome probation of trial and of failure. The process is slow and tentative; its results are only attained by constant toil and unabated perseverance."

But in trying to comprehend the extent and conditions of our colonial empire we must look to individual statistics as well as to general results. Let us begin with India, the noblest dependency, perhaps, which any nation has preserved, a land where a vast population, an unfathomable antiquity, and an enormous area, combine with great productive powers and rich natural resources, to constitute one of the most splendid empires that the world has seen. In 1850, just twenty years ago, the import trade of the peninsula amounted to 13,000,000*l.* sterling; in 1866 it had grown to 56,000,000*l.* During the same period the exports increased from 18,000,000*l.* to 68,000,000*l.*, and the value of British manufactured goods consumed by the Indian population from 7,500,000*l.* to 25,000,000*l.* The same country affords us an illustration of the fallacy of the argument that as the colonies advance they become worse customers of the home country. In sixteen years the consumption of imported cotton piece-goods advanced from 3,500,000*l.* to nearly 12,000,000*l.* sterling. This progress in productive and consuming capacity is due in the main to the operations of British enterprise attracted to India by the presence of the Queen's Government, and the security imparted by British rule. It is scarcely possible to compare India past with India present, so different is the picture. The most prominent features of commercial activity and intercourse were then unknown. Railways that have absorbed 100,000,000*l.* of British capital; telegraphs; cotton, coffee, opium and tea plantations; education diffused, industry stimulated and en-

couraged, native prejudices weakened or broken down, are all the outcome of two decades of British rule.

Australia, twenty years ago was, so to speak, nowhere. The entire export trade of that vast antipodean group of territories in 1850 reached little more than 4,500,000*l.* Sixteen years later the aggregate was 31,000,000*l.* The import trade advanced from, say five to thirty-five millions; the two together representing respectively, 10,000,000*l.* in 1850, and 66,000,000*l.* in 1866. It suggests accurate ideas concerning the extreme youth of our colonial system in many of its parts, to remember that before 1850, New Zealand, Victoria, and Queensland had scarcely a recognised existence of any kind; the last-named colony having in point of fact been part of New South Wales, up to 1860. 30,500,000*l.* of the trade we have specified, or nearly half, was done by the Australians with the United Kingdom. Their territories stretch over an area of 2,582,070 square miles, and their population, almost wholly of European descent, numbers already 1,662,063.

England's great southern empire is in a material sense as independent of the world as the United States are. It is fraught with resources sufficient to meet all the requirements of modern life. Every variety of foodstuff is produced in plenty by one or other of its territories. Its breweries, distilleries, and vineyards yield all the beverages known to civilization. Queensland grows cotton, New Zealand flax, Victoria silk, and the whole country wool. Coal exists in abundance. Copper and other metals are profitably mined. Australian forests yield magnificent timber; while the rocks, the soil, and the shore are endowed with all the precious stones and metals known to man. Valuable as such a country must be as a market for the disposal of British commodities, it is even of yet higher value as the source of so many materials and substances required for European use, or for employment as staples in British manufacturing.

In Africa the results achieved by British colonization are more territorial and political than commercial. In 1850 the import trade of our settlements there amounted only to 1,792,790*l.*; in 1861 the aggregate was 3,631,080*l.* Exports advanced from 1,702,261*l.* in 1850 to 3,254,093*l.* in 1866. These figures of course look small by the vaster realizations of other and wealthier colonies, but it is to be remarked that the influence of the English name and government is supreme in that country almost up to the Zambesi, and that the effects of that

influence upon the destiny of a country so thickly peopled by muscular barbarians must be visible hereafter in the history of the world. In South Africa alone we find the natives of that continent rendering voluntarily their own free labour, on their own soil, to the white settlers around them. Nowhere else do we find so happily exemplified the peaceful civilization of the savage. There may be room upon the vast pasture lands and richer coast lands of that country for a host of English settlers, but Africa is chiefly interesting just now on account of the relations we see existing there betwixt the white and the black races.

In her West Indian settlements this country possesses some of earth's fairest gems. Counting the colonies in the mainland there were in 1867 eighteen distinct governments under the British flag in the Spanish main — as that retired section of the Atlantic continues to be called. Lately certain judicious changes have led to the amalgamation of some of the more tiny administrations, and to the consequent reduction of several oppressive establishments. It is the custom to regard these colonies as suffering from chronic decline: —

"It is satisfactory," says the foregoing writer, "to find that, in spite of all their drawbacks, and the lack of that energizing influence which the labours of European colonists confer, the producing powers of the West Indian settlements have, in the aggregate, made considerable advances. In 1850, the sum total of their exports was 4,194,000*l.*; in 1866 it was 7,359,000*l.*"

Canada, at once the oldest and the nearest of England's colonies, is the best fitted to assume independence, should circumstances make that step desirable. The distribution and progress of trade amongst the six divisions of this transatlantic empire, have been summed up thus: —

"Canada proper, in 1850, could speak of barely 3,500,000*l.* worth of imports, but, in 1866, she absorbed 11,000,000*l.*, her wants having trebled in that period. New Brunswick advanced from 815,000*l.* to 2,000,000*l.*; Nova Scotia, from 1,000,000*l.* to nearly 3,000,000*l.*; Prince Edward Island, from 123,000*l.* to 444,000*l.*; and Newfoundland, from 867,000*l.* to 1,200,000*l.* British Columbia appears for the first time in the returns for 1860, when that colony took 282,000*l.* worth of imports. During the following year that amount was doubled; but in 1866, the year's total was 298,000*l.* The neighbouring settlement of Vancouver's Island, in 1861, did an import trade worth 416,000*l.*; here also, there was a rapid rise and a subsequent decline, the imports for 1866 being 594,000*l.* Turning to the exports of these vast

territories, we find that Canada during the sixteen years advanced from 2,500,000*l.* to more than 11,500,000*l.*, her producing capabilities having kept pace and in line with her consuming powers. New Brunswick passed on from 658,000*l.* to 1,333,000*l.* Nova Scotia sent abroad 1,500,000*l.* instead of 671,000*l.* Prince Edward Island, starting with 60,000*l.*, in 1866, reached a limit of 246,000*l.* Newfoundland made less progress than her sister colonies, the increase being only from 975,000*l.* to 1,186,000*l.* British Columbian exports for 1860 were 11,000*l.*, and for 1866, 43,983*l.*; those from Vancouver were, in 1863, 39,000*l.*; and in 1866, 120,000*l.* In both these cases, however, gold is excluded, a rather important omission, seeing that, in 1860, the shipment of gold from British Columbia was estimated at 600,000*l.*, and that from Vancouver, in 1865, at 426,000*l.*"

To British America has now to be added the Hudson's Bay territory, a vast tract of country almost wholly unpopulated, but yet well fitted for the abode of industrious and hardy men. Without, however, reckoning that late accession, the Queen still holds rule in North America over an area of 632,000 square miles, and a European population of 4,000,000, which is four times larger than it was in 1850. This community carries on a foreign trade of 32,000,000*l.*, which, we are told, is threefold what it was sixteen years ago. A colony which is also in debt to European fundholders to the tune of 15,000,000*l.*, has at any rate a claim upon the respect of the mother country — herself so large a public debtor.

To people these lands, to occupy these wildernesses, to create this trade, to produce these staples, our countrymen have gone forth year by year, carrying with them strong English energies, moved by a spirit of English enterprise, and firm in the belief that they were bearing to their new homes all the rights and guarantees of English citizenship. Men do not lightly change their nationality. Of what force would be the time-honoured sentiment of patriotism if men could so freely cast aside the citizenship they are born unto, as would be the case did British colonists not carry with them the conviction that they were but moving from one part of the empire to another. The Scotch are among the most frequent colonizers, but no countryman is so tenacious of his nationality as the Scot. It is not affirming too much to say that the success of British colonization has been largely due to the fact that it is British. Why should people go to distant, savage, or obscure lands, instead of to America, unless they were loth to lose their citizenship as Englishmen? It is this natural instinct which has led so many of our migrating

fellow subjects to choose rather the alternative of having to battle with life's hard conditions under all the strange circumstances of a new land, than part with what they have been accustomed to consider their birthright.

England has thus without any set plan or purpose gained for herself an empire more varied and world-wide than any previously acquired by any other power. Rome conquered and colonized systematically, and sent her armies forth with the avowed object of spreading her dominion. But even her possessions, vast and splendid as they were, could not compare in their influence on the world at large with those of this country. The command of South Africa, Australasia, and the Falkland Islands, with Mauritius and St. Helena, makes England practically the mistress of the southern seas. India secures her dominance in Southern and Eastern Asia. Almost the whole of North America belongs to men sprung from her loins and speaking her tongue, and secures Anglo-Saxon supremacy on both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Nor has the impress of the British rule been confined merely to the proofs of British dominion. The countries subdued have taken an entirely British character, in society, in industry, in institutions, and in domestic order. England's colonies have not merely been Anglicized by the presence of her military and the sway of her preconsuls. They have been formed and made English by her own sons and daughters. England's relation towards all her colonies, except India, is not that which she held towards the Ionian Islands, or which Rome held towards ancient Britain. In these cases the only claim which the ruling power had upon the population under it, was the claim of might. When the Eagles quitted the shores of Albion, and the Union Jack was hauled down at Corfu, no wrong was done the inhabitants. They ceased to be Roman or English subjects, but they remained as much as ever English and Ionian. Were England to withdraw herself from Canada, South Africa, and Australia, the colonists of these countries — in other words the inhabitants — who were born British subjects like their fathers before them, would find themselves abruptly denationalized, and left to build up for themselves a new name and an alien citizenship. Roman citizens did not emigrate *en masse* to Britain, nor did English colonists settle largely in Corfu. Had either done so there would have been some analogy between their case and that of the British-born men who are now threatened with the doom of Imperial abandonment.

There is neither extravagance nor impropriety in realizing for a moment the splendour of the empire which thus has come, unsought and self-created, into the grasp of England. It does, as the working-men of this country lately declared, constitute "a national inheritance," to which history presents no parallel. It contains corn lands vast enough to feed mankind through ages that are yet remote. Its stores of coal, gold, and iron, no man dare estimate. It embraces varieties of race so numerous and so great that no shade of colour is wanting, nor is any type of man absent from the motley ranks of the Queen's subjects. It prevails on the shores of every ocean, and covers these seas with the richest commerce of the world. It holds out to every struggling citizen at home, worn down by want, or pressed hard by the hot forces of competition, the chance of a wider sphere for his energies and a bettered position for his offspring, in lands that are still under the British flag. It has had a penetrating though imperceptible influence in every department of Anglo-Saxon life, and during the last thirty years the society, trade, and enterprise of the United Kingdom have been modified by its conditions and expanded by its wants.

Why should an empire so fraught with elements of glory to our nation suffer dismemberment? In plain words, why should the colonies be given up? Two pleas only can be assigned. The first is that the retention of these colonies adds to the military and naval expenditure of the mother country. The second is that they involve her in irksome and undue national responsibilities.

In considering this question we have to do with the present, not the past. It is idle to inquire what the colonial military expenditure of Great Britain has been; we have only to take it as it is. Owing to the defectiveness of statistical information in this country it is no easy matter to ascertain, exactly, what is the naval and military expenditure incurred by the Imperial Government on account of colonies. As regards the first we believe it would be impossible to set down any exact figures, but it is enough for our purpose to take the military expenditure. Were we to accept implicitly what we read and what we hear, we should conclude that a large proportion of the cost of the army was imposed upon this country by her colonies. When so many people still believe that England bears the cost of governing her dependencies, and pays the salaries of their governors, it is not strange that a yet larger num-

ber should imagine the expense of defending those countries to be much larger than it is. As a fair specimen of the way in which usually well-informed journals speak of this question, and unintentionally mislead their readers concerning it, let us quote the following passage from the leading article of a moderate and influential weekly:—"It is certainly not required by equity—nor in our judgment by sound policy—that the British workman should be mulcted of a portion of his hard earnings, in order that the much more prosperous and hopeful colonist should escape the pecuniary pressure which adverse circumstances may chance to throw upon him."

These words are but an echo of innumerable others that from time to time are uttered through the pages of newspapers and pamphlets. They hint darkly but directly enough at an oppressive expenditure borne mostly by suffering workmen at home for the sake and benefit of flourishing colonies abroad. They embody the sum of the whole argument of those who maintain that the colonies cost more than they are worth. Nothing can in point of fact be more fallacious than this reasoning. The British workman is no more mulcted of his earnings than any other class. The expenditure falls upon the general revenue, and as such is a burden borne by all classes of the community. The workman is mulcted no more than the great absentee proprietor, investor in colonial stocks, or shipper of goods to colonial clients, who while they benefit largely by the openings for profitable investment afforded by the colonies, do not directly contribute to the cost of the Government of those territories. The tables might with great justice be turned, and the thousands of persons in this country who make money out of colonies asked, whether it is equitable that they should benefit so largely by the existence of those colonies, and yet take so little part in the maintenance of their institutions. But so far as the "British workman" is concerned, the best and most decisive answer to these objections is found in the now celebrated "petition of the unemployed," where the working men of England declare that they look upon the colonies as a great national inheritance, where they or their children may find opportunities of advancement from which they are rigorously excluded here. And this is in truth the case. The bulk of the settlers in the colonies have sprung from the "workmen" class, and there is yet scope for the formation of countless homes under conditions utterly

unattainable by the same class in the Old World.

Upon another point much misconception prevails. Colonists are popularly spoken of as though they were, each and all, men of ease and wealth, and therefore better able to bear taxation than their fellow citizens in England. In the first place they are much more heavily taxed than are the people of this country. The average rate of taxation borne by the people of the United Kingdom is, say 2*l.* 5*s.* per head. Throughout the colonies the average is from 4*l.* to 5*l.* per head. And in the second place it is a mistake to suppose that their position in a tax-bearing point of view is so superior to that of the average of their home countrymen. This is what a colonist says upon this subject:—

"It may seem that the progress of trade, as set forth by figures, indicates unbounded prosperity, and an ease of production which entails inappreciable effort. If such an impression be conveyed, it is a false one. The prosperity of the colonies is by no means exceptional, nor are colonists, as a rule, wealthy people. Their produce, though abundant, is not always remunerative, and is often only marketable at rates which leave but a slight margin of profit to the producer. Labour, in many cases, is not only exceedingly scarce, but unduly dear. Transport is always an oppressive charge. Colonies are mostly lands of magnificent distances and of indifferent roads, and, even where railways are established, there are usually special taxes required which have to be reckoned against profits. In some countries there are risks of loss from fire, drought, flood, or other special causes, for which provision and allowance have to be made. The rapid increase in production has a direct tendency to reduce prices, although there may be no corresponding reduction in the expenses of production. Out of the 143,000,000*l.* worth of raw materials exported to other countries from the colonies, I believe it to be more than probable that foreign dealers and manufacturers make a far larger proportion of gain than do the actual producers. It must not, therefore, be assumed that, because the trade of the colonies has exhibited such rapid expansion, and now has attained to such vast amounts, the colonists themselves are, as individuals, proportionately opulent or inordinately prosperous. That many of them have made and are making fortunes, is probably the case, as it is with persons in other parts of the world; but as to colonists in general, the advantage of their condition rests rather in greater independence than in superior wealth."

Let us come to figures, however. What is this vast expenditure, the weight of which is enough to overbear all considerations of national greatness and imperial dominion?

According to the statement made by Mr. Cardwell in introducing the Army Estimates last year, the entire amount spent for military service in colonies and dependencies in 1868 was 2,237,816*l.* From this, however, has to be deducted the cost of garrisoning Malta, Bermuda, Halifax, China, and Gibraltar; and excluding those stations from the calculation, the amount estimated for military expenditure in all the other colonies during 1869 was 1,070,735*l.* One million sterling may be roughly set down as the cost of maintaining the Queen's supremacy and land defences in the Colonies of North America, the West Indies, South Africa and Australasia.

This question of military defence, in its practical bearings, affects only two groups of colonies. Passing by Canada, whose circumstances are altogether exceptional, there is urgent need for military aid only in South Africa and New Zealand. There alone are in existence elements of danger which local resources may be unable to meet. In the other colonies a well-organized local police, which the colonists could easily afford to sustain, would probably suffice for every protective requirement. But in the two other cases, the presence of a warlike aboriginal population renders the visible sustenance of the Queen's authority by the Queen's troops desirable for the preservation of peace and order. We are not now going to enter upon the well-worn New Zealand question, nor do we challenge controversy by saying whether, in our judgment, the colonists are responsible or not for the troubles that have arisen. We merely take the positive assurance of those best able to pronounce an opinion on the subject, that the presence of a certain number of the Queen's troops is an indispensable condition of peaceful rule. In South Africa, where responsible government has never existed, and native affairs have been managed by the Queen's nominees, there can be no question as to the obligation of the Home Government to maintain a garrison there. The same remark applies to the West Coast Settlements.

Her colonial empire, therefore, costs England 1,000,000*l.* per annum, or about 9*d.* yearly per head of the population of the United Kingdom. This, then, is the point at issue—this is the actual and positive financial interest which this country has at stake in the matter. The fact cannot be too plainly stated, or too generally understood. But let us ask whether, were the amount ten times what it is, the Crown would not be bound to support itself by garrisons of its own troops, if need be, in all parts of the

Empire? For we presume the colonies are parts of the Empire as much as is Ireland or the Isle of Wight. The mere fact of distance surely cannot weaken the claim of any one part of the Empire to equal consideration and equal protection with the rest. Let us suppose that Ireland were a thousand miles, instead of sixty miles, distant from England, would the Government of Great Britain therefore feel less bound to guard it from invasion, or to do justice to its suffering people? Does not the very idea of empire imply the obligation incumbent upon the ruling power to protect its possessions from encroachment — the capacity to hold its own at every point of its dominions? In all ages of the world, and under Roman supremacy more particularly, the defence of distant extremities has been esteemed of equal importance in the maintenance of empire, with the protection of centres. England's present policy is just the reverse of this rule. Outlying members are left helpless to take care of themselves, and the resources of the Empire are concentrated upon the parent-islands.

When we come to analyze yet more severely the distribution of the military forces of Great Britain, the fallacy and the unfairness of the statements and arguments used by anti-colonial philosophers become surprisingly transparent. We have already given the broad cost of military expenditure in the colonies, and have excluded from the calculation the garrisons at Malta, Bermuda, Gibraltar, Halifax, and China. These stations are all necessary to a nation which claims still to be the leading maritime power — whose merchant shipping still dominates the sea, and whose commerce continues to be the largest, richest, and most flourishing in the world. The possession of such fortified and garrisoned ports of call and bases of action in all seas is obviously essential to the security of such a trade. Where would the shipping trade of England be, in the event of war with a naval power, had she not safe havens of her own at Gibraltar, Malta, Bermuda, Halifax, the West Indies, Ascension, St. Helena, Sierra Leone, Cape Coast Castle, Simons Bay, Cape Town, Mauritius, Aden, Singapore, Ceylon, Hong Kong, the Falkland Islands, and the Australasian harbours? This list is a long one, but it only gives a partial idea, after all, of the vast girdle of insular and coast settlements by means of which, it is not saying too much to affirm, the trade of Great Britain is what it is. Had the United States, during its civil war, possessed like England harbours and naval stations in every sea and on every shore, it would have been out of the power of an

Alabama to drive her shipping from the seas, and ruin her trade for almost a generation.

These stations, however, are not colonies in the strict sense of the term, and we do not include them in our calculation. There is one way of arriving at a tolerably accurate estimate of imperial expenditure accessible to everybody — we mean by reference to the list of places where the Queen's regiments are stationed. If our readers will consult the latest army list, they will find that in South Africa, New Zealand, and Australia — the colonies chiefly in question — there are not at this moment six regiments stationed. These regiments, therefore, with a small accompaniment of men from the artillery and Engineers' Corps, constitute all the garrisons in colonies that are properly so called, Canada being excepted for special reasons. When from these we make further allowance for the garrisons which, under any circumstances, the Home Government would probably be desirous to maintain at Cape Town and Mauritius, we shall find that the actual cost of military service for the colonies is much less than the amount nominally set down in Mr. Cardwell's estimate.

There is in reality substantial need of military aid in New Zealand, South Africa, and the West Coast settlements only. In all these settlements, we believe that the presence of a certain number of the Queen's troops is indispensable, not so much for the active use they might be as for the influence their presence exerts. To quote the words of a colonial writer:—

"We lately pointed out that the Imperial Government was, so far as Natal was concerned, under a legal and expressed obligation to maintain a force here, so long as the colony was unable to defend itself. That period has not yet arrived. The colony has yet neither means nor organization. We are but 17,000 Europeans amongst nearly a million barbarians, over whom, happily for us, the British Government has acquired a moral influence and prestige, which for the time are better than the largest army. But that influence and prestige are sustained by the belief deeply implanted in the native mind, that they could be enforced if need be by the exercise of illimitable resources. On more than one occasion the natives have seen starting, as it were, from the sea, in an incredibly short period, large and well-armed forces of trained troops. They look upon the small garrison stationed here as the symbol of vaster forces out of sight. They know that the great English Sovereign lives not in Africa, but in a far distant country, where, surrounded by countless hosts, she holds rule over world-wide realms.

"If the troops be withdrawn from South Africa, as they are being so ruthlessly from New Zealand, all this prestige must perish, and its repressive effects will disappear with it. In the eyes of the natives, the Queen will have abandoned us, and British rule will, in fact, cease to be. It cannot be otherwise, and we beg most distinctly to bring the alternative before the notice of all concerned. Does England wish to withdraw from South Africa as she has withdrawn from New Zealand? Does she wish all the blood and treasure she has spent in asserting her supremacy in these territories, and in bringing the natives under submission to her higher civilization, to go for naught? Does she wish to leave other and rival powers free to take her place on this southern sea-board?"

Still, although the military requirements of South Africa and New Zealand are so exceptional and urgent, they do not, so far as we can see, necessitate any departure from the principle we have sought to lay down. If Great Britain is bound to defend one of her colonies, she is bound to defend all; if she abandons one on the plea of military expenditure, she must, as a logical necessity, abandon the rest. The empire cannot be dismembered piecemeal. If the vast and glorious structure, raised through so many ages by so much toil and sacrifice, is to fall to pieces, the collapse will be sudden and complete rather than partial and gradual.

One of the chief counts in the indictment against colonies is that their commercial legislation is hostile to the interests of the mother-country. We are told that their tariffs are protective and designedly injurious to home manufactures. It is true that some colonies, for the purpose of encouraging native industry, do impose high rates of duty on articles that are capable of local production, and so far as they do so for that purpose we are unable to approve their policy, although we admit the colonists are so circumstanced as to be very strongly tempted to adopt it. Their high tariffs may, however, be defended on other grounds by reasons, the force of which, we believe, will be generally recognized. Colonies stand in peculiar need of railways and all manner of public works. The taxable population is scanty and poor, and taxable commodities are extremely rare. How is revenue to be obtained to pay for these works and to sustain the colonial government, except a customs department be created? Customs dues are universally admitted to be one of the fairest, easiest, and most equal forms of taxation; and it should be borne in mind that the fruits of the tariff do not come directly out of the

pockets of people at home: the evils incident to a high tariff are mainly endured by the colonists themselves, while the mother-country derives a certain though indefinite benefit from the results of its expenditure in the maintenance of law and order, the construction of public works, and the payment of interest on loans obtained from home investors.

We must confess too, that if the colonists liked to retort, they could do so with greater reason than their assailants, by a reference to the different sugar duties — a far more unjust fiscal system than anything attempted in any colony. In scarcely any instance is an export duty imposed upon the raw material sent home in such abundance to supply the mills and factories, where so many millions of England's toilers find employment, and so many thousands of England's citizens find wealth. What if Australia, India, the West Indies, and South Africa were to be left free to follow in the footsteps of the United States — to impose prohibitive duties on imported commodities, or by similar fiscal charges to crush the export of raw staples? Suppose that the import of wool from Australia, of cotton from India, of raw sugar from the Mauritius and the West Indies, ceased, what would become of the spinning, weaving, and refining interests of Great Britain? It is quite a mistake to imagine that the United Kingdom would do as much trade with the colonies, were they separated, as it does now. Most of the oldest mercantile houses in these colonies are the fruit of British enterprise, and would never have been established had the British ensign not waved over the lands in which their operations are carried on. We are pointed to America; we are shown how capital and population flow in from these shores into that country, notwithstanding the independence of its Government and the rivalry of its flag. But it must not be forgotten that the United States are nothing more than the extreme outcome of our colonial system; that their enterprise, and progress, and capital, and power spring from Anglo-Saxon energy, and are shaped on the Anglo-Saxon model, and that, had it not been for the colonizing and aggressive instincts of Anglo-Saxon emigrants, that great source of wealth and activity to this country would have had no compact existence. Nor can we refrain from repeating the oft told truism, that were America still within the arms of the empire, England would be free from her darkest menace, and her trade delivered from the keenest rivalry. Have the representatives of our shipping and

manufacturing interests ever seriously considered what their position, and the position of this whole country would be, were the colonial possessions of Great Britain in the hands of independent or alien powers at war with us? In such a case the boasted commerce of Great Britain—the only thing, according to some amongst us, worth considering or maintaining—would stand in greater danger than it did after the Trent affair, and be liable to even more terrible disasters than were inflicted by one Confederate privateer upon the commerce of the United States.

The colonies are worth keeping on account of the trade we do with them and they with us. This trade year by year increases in an advancing ratio. In 1851 India and the colonies consumed twenty millions' worth of British goods, or one-fourth of our whole exports. In 1866 this amount had increased threefold, and out of an export return of 188,000,000*l.*, 61,000,000*l.* went to our dependencies. We are told that in 1858 the colonies did as much business with us as the United States, France, Germany, Turkey, and Belgium united. Nor is the growth in our importations from the colonies less remarkable. In 1851, out of 142,000,000*l.*, imported in the shape of produce and merchandize, 20,000,000*l.* were colonial shipments. In 1866 this country's importations were estimated at 295,000,000*l.*, of which 74,000,000*l.* came from the colonies. In the course of fifteen years, therefore, the proportion of our colonial imports to the whole has moved on from one-seventh to one-fourth. Upon this point the following remarks may be quoted:—

"But even of greater consequence in a national point of view than her export business is the import trade of the kingdom. The commodities she gets from her colonies are mostly raw materials, which give employment, in so many countless forms, to the labouring millions of her population and the vast capital of her manufacturers. British colonization benefits the mother-country in two ways; it opens out new fields for the energy and industry of her sons, for the enterprise and wealth of her capitalists; but it also, by the extended production of raw staples, which that energy and that capital stimulate, quickens the industry of her toilers, and gives fresh and continuous vitality to her own manufacturing interests. How many hands are employed, how much capital and machinery is engaged in converting into marketable commodities the cotton, wool, flax, jute, sugar, timber, hides, spices, and other staples sent to the ports of the United Kingdom from her colonial possessions. These materials are the life-blood of British commerce, and are

pouring in year by year in a gradually dilating stream. In 1851 the total imports of Great Britain amounted to 142,000,000*l.*, of which only 20,000,000*l.* came from her colonies. In 1866 this country's importations were estimated at 295,000,000*l.*, and of this amount 74,000,000*l.* were colonial shipments. In fifteen years, therefore, England's importations from her colonies, as compared with the aggregate of her imports, have advanced from one-seventh to one-fourth. England, therefore, benefits commercially by her colonies thus:—They give, in the first place, fresh and wider fields for the reproductive outlay of her superfluous industry and capital. They open out boundless sources, whence the manufacturing and industrial needs of the mother-country may be supplied with these raw materials, without which her commercial system would be paralyzed; they keep at work those endless manufactures upon which so many millions depend for their subsistence; they increase the production of marketable commodities, and thereby give additional vitality and vigour to trade; they give employment yearly to British shipping (vessels, that is, belonging solely to owners in this country), which represent a tonnage of more than 20,000,000, that being, in round numbers, the aggregate tonnage for 1866 of British vessels entered and cleared at colonial ports; and then they themselves become, in their turn, customers of the mother-country for the manufactured products, whose raw materials they supplied to the extent of more than a third of her whole export trade."

It is said that the colonies would do as much trade with us as they do now were they free. This, too, is a fallacy not warranted by the experience of the world. Were this the case, the island of Mauritius after its capture, and the Cape Colony after its conquest, ought still to have traded chiefly with their parent states—France and Holland. The fact is, that their commercial connexions with those countries are very partial when compared with the trade they do with the United Kingdom. Look at the growing tendency of American trade to confine itself to American limits and to cultivate continental markets. Now that European manufacturers are running our own manufacturers so close, and in many cases turning out articles of equal quality at lower rates, it is worth considering whether, on economical grounds, it is well to alienate communities whose chief market both for purchase and sale is Britain, and who in the nature of things will retain that preference for this country so long as they share its citizenship and boast the protection of its flag.

Then there is the very numerous class of investors to whom colonial securities and

colonial bonds offer more remunerative investments than they can obtain here. Four years ago no less a sum than 145,000,000*l.* sterling represented the funded debt of India and the colonies. By this time very probably the aggregate has reached 200,000,000*l.*, all of which has been advanced by bondholders in this country, and upon which interest varying from five to six per cent. is regularly paid. As every colony with advancing age goes deeper into debt for the purpose of providing itself with necessary public works, this aggregate is likely to increase year by year. So long as the colonies remain British dependencies the security for these bonds is excellent, especially as, in most cases, provision is made in the shape of a sinking fund for the extinguishment of the debt. In addition to these governmental loans many millions more are invested by persons and institutions at home in colonial mortgages and other private securities; in colonial banks and other financial institutions; in mining and other industrial enterprises. Would the confidence which these investors have in colonial securities and investments exist, were the colonies forced to become small and petty republics, the scenes of party warfare and political anarchy, for the prey of some rapacious and unscrupulous foreign power? If American bonds are unpopular in the monetary circles of England, what position would be held by those of States struggling prematurely with the responsibilities of self-government, possessed as yet of no fixed and settled principles of political action, in point of population and revenue less influential than one of the United States, and driven perhaps by stress of circumstances, unsought by them, to repudiate their obligations and to destroy their credit? It is without question the fact that our colonies are under the British flag that leads the people and investors of this country to make such large use of colonial securities. The colonies are the outlet for the savings of the British people.

Having thus as briefly as we could glanced at the leading aspects of this question, let us categorically and concisely set forth the probable consequences of the abandonment by Great Britain of her colonies. They may be stated thus:—

Curtailement of trade, and subsequent loss of employment for the toilers of the nation.

Diminution of supplies of raw staples for manufacture.

Shutting up of safe securities for the profitable investment of superfluous wealth and redundant capital.

Loss of suitable fields for outgoing enterprise and languishing industry.

Diminution of the population of the Empire, seeing that in every outgoing emigrant a subject of the Crown and a citizen of the State would be lost.

Deprivation of ports of refuge in case of war. Now all the world may be said to be open to British cruisers. Without her colonies England might find her ships shelterless on the high seas.

Loss of national prestige. England is now respected by other nations because her ships sweep every sea; because her flag floats over free communities in every zone; because under her flag men of all nationalities and colours enjoy equal rights and share a common citizenship; because her race and language, more than any other, pervade the world.

Loss of nationality by all outgoing English people. Men compelled to emigrate by the pressure of circumstances, the want of employment, or the lack of opportunity in this overcrowded island, if they wish to exercise any rights of citizenship must become aliens and foreigners.

Loss of territories where the army can by frequent change and constant exercise be kept well fitted for active service, and inured to the hardships and vicissitudes of actual warfare. In the words of a most competent authority, Sir George Grey:—"That man would be a bold one who would say that it was not this training which enabled them [*i.e.*, British troops] to discharge their duties in a manner which they could not have done if they had been simply trained in garrison towns at home. Our troops were distributed throughout the world in such a manner as to enable a force to be at once collected at any threatened point."

Loss of openings where the youth of England can find ample scope for their business aptitudes, social aspirations, or political ambition.

The sacrifice of lands which the "unemployed" have styled the "national inheritance," by the help of which they and others like them may help to better their condition.

Transference of what now constitutes the strength and the glory of this country to independent or rival powers. Should America, Prussia, or any other rising power take a helpless but abandoned colony under its protection, England's loss will be the other nation's gain.

The narrowing and debasement of national aspirations; the recognition of a low standard of patriotism; the measuring of State duties by a money-test; the sacrifice

of national honour and good faith to a false and fatal economy.

And finally, as regards the colonies themselves, the imposition on them of distasteful and burdensome responsibilities; the infliction on them of confused and anarchic conditions; the withdrawal of that supreme controlling power by which their political destinies are shaped and influenced; the exposure of some of them to bloody outbreaks and servile disturbances; and the implanting amongst them of embittered and hostile feelings towards the land of their fathers.

Surely this is an array of evils dire enough to deter any reasonable government from a policy which might entail such a heritage of disaster. Nor do we think that when once the statesmen and people of this country come fairly to look upon the question in all its aspects, and to comprehend more clearly its practical issues, they will fail any longer to see that it will be far, far better to reconstruct and consolidate than to dismember and disown the empire which is the outcome of so many sacrifices and the theme of so much laudation.

How then can these evils be averted? What escape is there from the consequences of the present policy? We believe that it will be the earnest desire of every man who has fully considered the matter that there shall be given to these questions an answer befitting the national dignity and consistent with the integrity of the Empire. Home writers are wrong in imagining that the present agitation is merely metropolitan in its extent. It reflects a movement throughout the whole of our colonial dominions. Speaking from an acquaintance with the whole colonial press, we are in a position to say that in Canada as well as in Australia, in South Africa as well as in England, the local journals give ample evidence that the question is being discussed with an earnestness which shows how vital are deemed its issues. We find in these discussions very few indications of a desire on the part of the colonists to claim or to acquire their independence. There is no more striking feature of our colonial system than the loyalty with which the colonists cling to their allegiance and this citizenship. Doubtless the consciousness of non-interference with their affairs by the home government contributes much to their fidelity. There it is, however, a strong, real, hearty, and healthy sentiment, in strange contrast with the cold, unsympathetic, unregardful tone, assumed by certain spokesmen of the mother country.

The colonists generally seem agreed that if all Imperial protection is to be withdrawn from their shores under the present state of things, independence must follow as a logical and a practical necessity. But they also seem to think that a middle course might be followed. Why should the supreme responsible control of colonial affairs, they ask, continue to be vested in a minister whose knowledge and experience have not specially fitted him for their administration? Why should not the relations of the central government and its dependencies be so modified that with increased responsibilities towards each other, a closer connexion, a more complete interdependence should be established. The idea of a Federal union between the colonies and the mother-country is a very popular one, and opinions only differ as to how such an arrangement can be brought about. Two plans are proposed. One has a wider and loftier scope and purpose than the other, and takes the form of a Council of Empire in which the United Kingdom, India, and the colonies should be represented in proportion to their area and population. With this body would rest the issues of peace or war, and the levying of taxes for the maintenance of imperial defences. The other plan is that a Colonial Council should be created, composed of representatives sent by the different colonies, and that this body, presided over by the Secretary of State for the time being, should be invested with control over such subjects as the appointment of governors and other officers who may have to be nominated at home; the regulation of tariffs; the conduct of emigration; and the appropriation of unoccupied waste lands. Such a council would be an extension of the India Board, only it must necessarily, in order that it shall possess the confidence of the colonists, partake of a representative character. Canada would have to send five members, one for each of her principal divisions; Australia, five; New Zealand, two; the West Indies, four; Cape Colony, Natal, West Coast, Ceylon, Mauritius, and the Eastern Islands, one each. The Secretary and Under Secretary of State would represent home interests in this assembly. The duties of the Council would of necessity be largely executive; and in dealing with measures relating to particular colonies, the minister would be materially and chiefly guided by the advice of the representative of that particular dependency, while, in all general questions and administrative acts, he would act in concert with the whole body.

Were such a council in existence, it is more than probable that the colonies would gladly consent to pay a certain contribution, to be fixed by such a body, towards the naval and military expenditure of the Empire. New Zealand and South Africa, as we have pointed out, are the only colonies where it is necessary to maintain a standing garrison of any consequence. But in regard to naval expenditure, all the colonies have an equal interest in it. It is through that branch of outlay alone that they could expect to be protected from invasion or attack should England be at war with a naval power. It is but just that a reasonable contribution towards the national outlay in this service should be made. The combined revenues of the colonies amount now to about 20,000,000*l.* sterling; a charge of five per cent. on that, the most equitable way of assessing the contribution, would yield 1,000,000*l.*, or about the present gross amount of military expenditure in our self-governed dependencies. A like charge on the Indian revenue, which in 1866 was about 50,000,000*l.*, would yield 2,500,000*l.*, making a very just and generous contribution towards the maintenance of our navy. The colonies, we believe, would not object to such a charge. Were they independent, they would have to keep up some kind of naval defences at probably a much higher cost; and the presence of their representatives at headquarters would be an assurance that their wants would be intelligently understood, and practically attended to. Under the present system the geography of our colonies is so imperfectly understood at the War Office, that stations in different colonies, separated by hundreds of miles of savage country, are sometimes referred to, and dealt with, as being in one and the same locality.

We do not put forward these suggestions as being absolutely the only plan that might be proposed, or as being the best mode of meeting the difficulty. It is probable that when the constructive genius of our statesmen is brought to bear upon this truly Imperial question, a better system may be devised. Our only object is to show that it is possible to establish such a union as of late has often been hinted at, but never specifically described. The same suggestions are being made, the same framework of a central government proposed, in the colonies themselves. Before an idea can be condemned as impracticable, it must be definitely stated, and if there are insuperable difficulties in the way of the scheme, let us hear them. We must frankly confess that as yet we have heard none.

This plan more especially commends itself, because under it Great Britain could afford to grant to her colonies the utmost powers of internal self-government, while the colonies could afford, if need be, to sacrifice in certain matters a certain portion of their right to act independently. It admits of honourable concession on both sides. It would be the policy and the interest equally of the mother-country and the colonies to keep on good terms with each other. The home taxpayer could no longer reproach the colonist with being a burden; the colonist could no longer charge the home government with the ignorant exercise of power. It would be then no less than now the true policy of England to accustom her dependencies to the exercise of responsibility in the management of their own affairs, and to free herself from all accountability for interference in any of their domestic concerns. But it would also be far less the interest and object of England to force upon young and incapable States the weighty responsibilities of self-government, and to turn adrift into the turbid waters of Republicanism infant communities with imperfect social organizations and inadequate political vigour.

If England is unable, as Rome did, to send her legions forth for the protection of all quarters of the Empire, she can at any rate help her citizens in those distant districts to defend themselves. Under an efficient and practical colonial administration at home, much that is now impracticable might be done in this direction. Military settlements of discharged soldiers might be formed in particular districts. The right to form one in such settlements might be held out to the army as a reward for good service. A plan based upon this principle was submitted last year to the Society of Arts by Colonel Maude, V.C., and there can be little doubt that it presents an admirably feasible mode of providing for the defensive needs of the colonies, and of promoting the efficiency of the army. Trained instructors might be sent out for the improvement of colonial forces; these forces might be affiliated with the home troops, and Imperial rank assigned to them; Imperial guns and munitions of war might be supplied on favourable terms, and every effort made to make service in colonial corps attractive and honourable. After all, the doing these things is but the ordinary duty of an Imperial and a paternal Government. If our colonies are to become in all but name independent, it ought to be both our pride and pleasure to fit them to hold their own against the world, and to make

them worthy offshoots of the parent-tree.

The action of a Colonial Council would not only compass all these matters, but it would also tend to have an expanding and invigorating influence upon the political condition of this nation. It would help us to keep pace with the age — this wonderful age, so marked by the rapidity of improvement; so stirred by the stirrings of social and political development. To the popular mind it may seem a ridiculous idea that thirty or forty colonists gathered from all parts of the world, many of them sent from lands only just rescued from the wilderness, should have any sensible influence upon the civilization of this old and lordly nation. But those who know what changes are worked by Anglo-Saxon colonization will see no absurdity in the supposition. Colonists are accustomed to disregard or to scrutinize very narrowly every species of conventionalism. Prescriptive rights they know not. Carvers out themselves of new social orders, constructors of new political systems, they look at questions with less timidity of mind and greater fertility of purpose than men who are fettered by usage and clogged by precedent. It must be that when the personal influence and co-operation of such men are brought to bear in the councils of the nation, when the eager progressiveness of the colonist is associated with the calmer impulses of the home citizen, an effect more or less potent will be produced.

But the chief value of such an organization to this country would lie in its utility as a means of promoting emigration on a large and systematic scale. The past apathy of our Government, and indeed of the nation generally, upon this question is one of the anomalies of our history. Year by year, for half a century, Englishmen and Englishwomen have left our shores to form new homes in distant lands without any recognition of the outgoing tendency by the State. Year by year the numbers of English paupers have multiplied, and the poor-rates paid by English citizens have waxed heavier, without an effort being made on the part of the Government or of the parochial authorities to mitigate these evils by the transplanting of our surplus population to these remote possessions. The increase of pauperism in a country of such set limits, and under such a system of land tenure as ours, has been a physical and social necessity. Given a population increasing in a certain ratio, living in a small island where the soil is owned by large proprietors, and the outgrowth of pauperism becomes almost

a mathematical certainty. Parochial statistics bear melancholy proof that it is so. According to Mr. Preston's interesting pamphlet 10,303,000*l.* were paid for poor-rates in 1867, and 11,061,000*l.* in 1868, showing an increase of 757,000*l.* Pauperism costs us eleven millions sterling yearly already, and the annual increase is at the rate of three quarters of a million! This is almost the cost of our national army. And yet not a finger has been lifted in order to establish some system by which the country might be relieved from such a frightful incubus of misery — from such a quick-growing fungus of taxation.

English statesmen write voluminous despatches to show that the colonies must defend themselves and by so doing run the risk of severing those colonies from the Empire. English statesmen see pauperism and poor-rates together blighting and burdening the land; and yet the cost of military defence for the colonies is but a million, an eleventh part of what we pay for the maintenance in mediocrity of our poor. And in those colonies there is room enough and to spare for the comfortable location, under changed and hopeful circumstances, of all the unemployed of Britain for generations yet.

We ask a question which is now being often put in one or other of the colonies. Why cannot these poor rates be employed in transporting to, and maintaining for a limited period in, Canada, Australia, or Africa the destitute persons for whose relief so much now has to be paid? Under the present system pauperism increases, and poor-rates grow, without any apparent prospect of the diminution of either. There is no compensating element in the system. It is bad because it leads people to look for, or depend on, parochial relief in time of scarcity. It is bad because it is alike unproductive and unprofitable. Were a certain portion of these poor-rates spent in locating industriously disposed "unemployed" in our colonies, poor-rates would be attacked at their source, and the burden they inflict would correspondingly diminish. Persons who are now the consumers at the public cost of food raised by others would become the producers of food and the employers of labour, pauperism would decline, and production would advance.

Our colonies are willing enough to supply the land required for the location of these suffering people, but the sparseness of their numbers and the many calls upon them for expenditure under other necessary heads, debars them from doing more. It would be, however, for the State and the parishes

together to do the rest. The one could furnish means of transport in the shape of vessels that could not be better employed, as proposed by Captain Bedford Pim, the other could supply funds for the maintenance of the emigrants during the first year of their settlement. The mere cost of conveyance would be far from enough, as our colonies would not thank us for shiploads of destitute people, unprovided with the means of subsistence until their own crops grew. This class of emigrants would have to be provided at the outset with rations, implements, and shelter. They might be, if deemed desirable, required to repay within a certain period some of the cost of this assistance, but we doubt the expediency of exacting such a stipulation. In India as much as 300*l.* per man has been paid for the housing of European soldiers. For how very much less a sum might we place in a position of comfort for life men who are now the menace of order and the incipient germs of revolution, but who might be converted into an industrial army, whereby wild lands would be tamed and fertilized, and new realms conquered to Christianity and civilization.

There are unfortunately strong interests adverse to any movement whereby emigration as a cure for pauperism should be made a national question. There are those who look upon a chronic percentage of "unemployed" as a happy regulator of the cost of labour. Emigration will draw off the unemployed, and leave the masters at the mercy of those that remain, say these opponents. You have no right to deprive England of her bone and sinew — of her labouring power — of that which has constituted her glory and her strength. But all the time while this appeal to national selfishness is being made the cries of pauperism wax louder and louder, and the burden of poor-rates gets heavier and yet heavier. Where is it to end, if some remedial movement be not made? Will relief come from agriculture, when the rural labourer is declared to be the worst paid species of operative, and when the value of land and the employment of machinery increase yearly? Will relief come from increased manufacturing enterprise, when Continental competitors are every year pressing our own manufacturers more closely? Will relief come from the diminished increase of population, so long as destitution and misery keep the lower classes ignorant of their duties as citizens, and reckless of their interests as men? It seems to us, in common with many others, that the efforts which are now being made

by certain philanthropic bodies and individuals to promote the emigration of the unemployed might, if our statesmen are not blind to the tendencies of the time and the exigencies of our society, result in making emigration the charge of a new and a distinct department of the State.

For if the ideas we have attempted to sketch, and the proposals we have ventured to put forth, be worth anything, the answer to all objections will be found in the response that in removing the unemployed from England to the colonies we are but shifting our citizens from one part of the Empire to another. They will be no less subjects of the Queen — members of the Anglo-Saxon body politic — in Australia or in Africa than in Lancashire or in Dorset. The only difference will be that there they will add directly to the strength and prosperity of the Empire, while here they will be but a burden and a stigma upon it. There they will produce staples which will feed or employ their countrymen at home and elsewhere. Here they only consume without producing. There society will gladden under their presence, and earth will bloom beneath their labours. Here society is darkened by their existence, and earth is burdened by their woes.

We have thus sought, as well as we can, to place before our readers certain aspects of this question most deserving, as it seems to us, of consideration. The subject in its entirety is so large and fruitful that volumes might be written upon it. Yet there are a few more salient points, which it would be well for the home public to have clearly in mind ere any judgment be formed. In a preceding page we have summarized certain consequences which would probably follow the abandonment by England of her colonies. Let us now set forth some of the advantages likely to accrue from the reconstruction and consolidation of the Empire — namely: —

Trade will be retained and extended, instead of being diverted to other countries, as surely it would be were the colonies to become independent, with reasons for ill-will against this country, or were they to pass under the protection of other powers.

England would still possess lands where for long ages yet the overflows of her population might find healthful homes and remunerative work.

England will still have at command safe investments for her fast increasing savings and redundant capital. Nine millions sterling are now paid by India and the colonies yearly upon the funds advanced by British investors on their bonds and debentures.

Every year adds to the amount borrowed, the recognition of British rule being the main element of security.

There will continue to be within the bounds of the British Empire opportunities of honourable advancement, of social and political distinction, open to young men of every grade. This is an age when the spread of education produces a proportionately large number of men who aspire to a superior station in life than they were born in, and who long for the chance of public activity. Within the vast sphere of our colonial dominion the laudable ambition of our youth may find a fit and ample arena.

Such a confederation of English-speaking peoples, bound together by common interests, and compacted in an elastic political union, could hardly fail to have a pacifying influence in the world, and would enable England, in the strength of her unity and the vastness of her dominions, to bring her neutrality to bear in the arbitration of international quarrels, and become once more "an umpire among European Powers."

By sharing the burden of her naval and military expenditure with communities which become every year richer and more populous, England would in course of time find that her own liabilities under these heads would gradually get less and less.

There would be secured to the national genius a finer field for its energies, and nobler objects for its attainment. The narrowness bred by insularity would give place to greater breadth of view, catholicity of spirit, nobleness of purpose; patriotism would be less marred by national selfishness; little by little the individuality of our race would take a higher form and receive a wider signification. To be an Anglo-

Saxon would mean all that to be a Roman meant in the grandeur of territorial sway, but far more than that phrase meant in the rights of citizenship, in the co-ordination of Imperial supremacy, civil liberty, and personal responsibility.

This is a time of political strife, moral struggle, and social change. How fit that England—the cradle of modern freedom, the type of modern order—should be found lengthening her cords and strengthening her stakes, rather than flying to pieces beneath the disruptive influence of one false economical idea! Were her colonies to drift away from England the cause of liberty would sustain incalculable damage; for the basis of well-ordered liberty is power and prestige, and of these attributes none of these young colonial communities can yet make boast. They need British rule in order that their immature political constitutions may gain strength, firmness, and maturity; they need it to save them from anarchy, confusion, and possibly from despotism; they need it to give them breathing time ere they are called upon to discharge the onerous responsibilities of supreme power.

The long annals of the world are but a record of the rise and fall of successive empires. "Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they?" Is the British Empire now, ere scarce its limits are understood, to be numbered with the things that were but are not? Is England to part with her possessions, and become once more a second-rate power, with interests bounded by the seas that wash her shores? This is the question which now has to be answered, and which her statesmen are called upon to consider.

A FRENCH paper gives some seasonable information with regard to asparagus. This vegetable grows wild in France, and may even now be gathered in the Bois de Vincennes and other French forests. The wild asparagus is long, thin, and green all through, and has a slightly acid but agreeable taste. It was first cultivated nearly a hundred years ago by a well-known horticulturist, Louis Therault. He was at once strongly impressed with the difficulty since felt of rearing asparagus successfully, and declared that in order to produce a good result the watchfulness of a parent and the skill of a physician are needed by the young plants. They require above all things plenty of sunshine, and seem to acknowledge their obligations by pushing up

their shoots towards the rising sun. Most of the asparagus eaten in Paris is grown at Argenteuil. Three sorts are cultivated there: the early, intermediate, and late. The early variety comes up about the 25th of March; it then costs 10 francs the bundle of twenty stalks. The first bundle generally appears on the Emperor's table. The very largest stalks cost from 40 to 60 francs. Besides the Argenteuil asparagus, the consumption of which greatly increases year by year, Paris is supplied with asparagus from the south. This is long and green, has a fine flavour, and requires very little cooking, but is not much appreciated by the Parisians.

Pall Mall Gazette.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE PANIC.

THE plot thickened in the City. In precipitating the inevitable panic, Rifler had done more for his kind than many a professed philanthropist, and families unborn had reason to bless the defaulter who put a stop to the wholesale manufacture of bubble companies. The revelations of the "Suburban" shook the credit of many a flourishing kindred establishment: the committee of investigation proclaimed the dark secret of their prison-house in the streets: the miserable shareholders saw their priceless scrip changing to withered leaves, shuddered at horrid calls instead of swaggering over fabulous dividends, and shrieked their piteous complaints in the ears of all who would listen. Where every one was committed to "limited" liability, listeners they found in plenty. The press took them up and consecrated long columns to their meetings and their wrongs. Eloquent leaders made them the texts of soul-stirring sermons, pointing the morals by holding them up as warnings. Things were dark enough at best, but ingenious journalists made it a point of honour and intellect to throw them into yet blacker shade. Morning and evening, for full nine days, was Rifler gibbeted; and what had done duty for a character with him in his flourishing City days was torn to shreds and tatters, like the grimy rags in the carding-machinery of a paper-mill. Had he remained in her Majesty's service, risen to the rank of field-marshal, and saved his country, he could scarcely have hoped to fill the mouths of his countrymen as he did. It appeared he had conducted the discounting business of the Suburban on much the same free-handed system with which he had backed bills for his brother officers. Other bodies of shareholders began to ask themselves whether they were unconsciously extending to their customers similar generous facilities of credit? Until now men had accepted indefinite engagements to any extent, confiding blindly in universal or perennial solvency, in the certainty of somewhere finding money for their calls on remunerative terms; at worst, of being able to feed one investment from another. Now there were unpleasant premonitory signs of a general tightness. Establishments that once welcomed them with open doors and purses, and let them help themselves on little more than a bare promise to pay, now drew their purse-strings and babbled of security. And in the matter of security the most new-fangled businesses

retrograded to the most old-fashioned notions; falling back on exploded prejudices about consols and mortgages; of antiquated views as to the superiority of national to speculative or individual credit. If the would-be borrower, shaking the dust off his feet in disgust, went to consult the share-lists as to what of his manifold scrip he could the best convert into cash, he found himself in an embarrassment not so much of riches as of poverty. For, with all your shares steadily tending downwards, it becomes a bitter struggle to decide which of your many day-dreams of profit you are to dissipate, when the choice rests with yourself; to determine which of your many certainties of gain you are to part with under passing pressure, when they stand at figures lower than they would have fetched yesterday and must command again to-morrow. While you think and hesitate the opportunity slips by. It was golden yesterday, it is silver to-day; it will be copper to-morrow, and the next day gone. It is the old story of the Sibylline books always repeating itself.

Credit was fairly shaken, albeit people were slow to own it. The City was in the first throes of the coming convulsion, although men, staring suspiciously in each other's faces, tried hard to make light of them in language that belied their looks. But even the unbelief that is born of interest and necessity must yield to facts; and when it became impossible to play the self-deceiver before the pitiless logic of crushing calamity, the revulsion of feeling was abject and disastrous. First one house came down, then another; then men heard from all around them the dull roar of breaking credit, like the rending of spring ice in the Neva. Propping each other in their solidarity of flimsiness like so many card-castles, the collapse of one fabric shook the rest to their slight foundations. Yesterday it was a finance association, to-morrow a contract corporation; now a handful of private individuals, again an English bank, and then an Indian one.

One fine May morning McAlpine, who had been salmon-fishing in the Highlands, ushered himself, unannounced, into Childersleigh's business-room.

"Ah, McAlpine, for once I am sorry to see you here. If business has brought you back to town, it's sure to be bad; and I only hope it may not be the smash of that unlucky Scinde and Punjaub Bank. They say that will be the worst affair we have seen as yet."

"The Scinde and Punjaub do you say? What, that gone too? By Jove, how fast

these things do succeed each other! It's like sitting on an electric battery: you can't get rid of the shock of one sensation before it is followed up by another. No, I came up partly about the Lucknow and Caldecott's, thanks to those infernal bears that have had their will of it at last — may the sons of burned fathers die an evil death — and partly about our *Crédit Foncier* here. Of course I don't misdoubt it for a moment, and I knew I could reckon on your sending me word if anything was wrong. Still they are ticklish times; and when you are whipping a salmon-river for a week without a rise, you've time to think between the casts. I had something in the Lucknow — not much, luckily — I've more in this company than I care to lose. The water was so low in many places, it barely covered the ground, and there were few fish in the pools. I was getting anxious about you now that the great day is drawing near and the times so bad. Why should not this weary panic have kept off for another six months? And to cut a long-winded story short, there are reasons enough in all conscience. Here I am, and I hope you have good news for me."

"Excellent, all things considered," said Hugh, shaking his friend's hand again. "So make your mind easy as far as we are concerned. We have not seen the worst of the storm, or anything like it, take my word for it; but let it blow as it may, and newly planted as we are, many an old house must go down before we shake. Oh, we're safe enough, never fear! But for yourself, I trust you're not deep with the Lucknow?"

"A matter of forty shares: quite enough, and too much, yet not so much but what I can grin and bear it. How do you stand yourself, Hugh? that's what I want to know. You may thank your stars, my man, you got to port in time with the best part of your winnings."

"I do, indeed. Yes, so far as I am concerned, I've made everything as snug as may be. Except for our company here — which I should be quite willing to stand or fall by — I do not hold one shilling now in anything speculative. And to let you into a secret I have told to no one else, I do not believe that, happen what may, I can miss Miss Childersleigh's money. I know I can trust you keeping your lips close."

"As a badger's jaws; and I'm as pleased to hear it, Hugh, as if I was to come in for twice the money myself. Ay, if every one had only been as far-sighted as you."

"If every one had been as far-sighted as

you are pleased to say I am, I should never have had the money to be prudent with. We have been doing a diabolically speculative business, McAlpine; I see it now."

"You always saw it, my good friend. Do you mind that eloquent metaphor of yours in your great speech at the general meeting, about the slow sailing-barges stranded on the shoals of caution? But it's just the old proverb of the devil when he was sick, and once back at the old starting-points — the old circumstances — you'd do it all over again."

"Very possibly," returned Hugh, smiling. "At any rate we kept a brighter look-up than most, and a sharp eye on the glass, and we shall reap the benefit now. We shall carry away some spars, doubtless, in the foul weather that is brewing, and make small profits, or perhaps none at all on our next year's voyage; but I'll answer for the ship and the cargo."

"We may write off our losses as purchase-money for the good-will of those of our neighbours in the same way of trade who come to grief, and perhaps in the long-run make profit of the peril. But the shares, Hugh, we must look for a heavy drop in them. There will be many a man of us forced, and many more frightened into selling."

"Unquestionably; we may lay our account with that. But give us fair play, and I'm content to leave everything to time. And fair play we shall have. Our credit, I should fancy, is too good to tempt the bears to come sniffing at us. Depend on it, there is no smoke without fire, and when these gentlemen make a set, there is always something rotten to be scented. But if they do try it on, I shall know how to catch and crush them between our past candour and my realized capital. I'd risk every shilling I have made, and all I hope for to boot, to keep our people safe, and skin the vermin."

"So long as you don't cut your own fingers doing it, take your will of them, say I, and if I can help you, command me. It's not a shareholder of the Lucknow and Caldecott's will bid you hold your hand, and I confess I don't see my way conscientiously to leaving them to their consciences, for, as I live by bread, I believe their consciences are as hard as their hearts. How they should ever drink their claret, without its taste being spoiled to them by the salt tears they draw, is as surprising to me as that they should walk a yard in the City without being kicked. But I'll leave you to your work, while I step out and pick up what I can about their mischief. Heaven

knows some of us played into their hands, and after all, like the hangman, they're but the appointed ministers of justice."

Times had changed in the City since the days when gold showered down like manna, and was to be had for the gathering; when one half the men you met were capitalists, and the other half hoped to be. There was the same bustle as then, and more; but now it was the bustle of those who feared to be ruined, not of those who hasted to be rich. Care-worn faces are always to be seen in plenty to the east of Temple Bar, although far from so common as country-bred visitors would imagine. But in good time the lines are graven in upon a sleek background that tells of rest and hope as well as work and thought, — of maternal comfort, quiet daily dinners, and comfortable evening meditations. In great times the lines pass unnoticed, disappearing in the flush of triumph and excitement, like a barren ridge lighted by the noonday sun. But when the glow of the sunset is gone, in the brief twilight that foreruns the coming darkness, each rent and scar of the mountain stands out the harder and grimmer for the sudden change. And so it was with those who had left the warm sunshine of prosperity for a twilight of uncertainty, and looked forward, shuddering, to a night of despair and gloom. There were some of them who counted the minutes to engagements where failure must consign them to perdition; who knew that rumour was already busy with their names, that evil fame was travelling the City faster than they; who had been cold-shouldered from the doors they used to be courted to, and knew that each succeeding hour, each fresh refusal, made their case more desperate. There were others, reputed millionnaires, and raised, in common report, beyond the range of evil fortune, whose hearts best knew their own bitterness; who clung desperately to their wealth as to happiness, social consideration, and everything that makes life worth the having; who walked the streets in solemn hypocrisy, scheming how to keep to themselves for a few days longer the terrible secret that must soon be shared by all the world. Then there were those knots of unlucky outsiders, who had come to the City ravening as wolves, but innocent as doves; who went howling round the graves where they had buried their treasure out of their reach, and saw themselves about to be clipped closer than they had ever dreamed of in their nightmares. Prospectuses had invited them to a paradise where countless pleasant paths led alike to wealth. Their eyes were opened: they saw

the snares and pitfalls they had been walking among; illusions fond as false took their flight one by one, and left them face to face with the hard reality. First they awoke to the meaning of "limited," a word that has caused more social liberty in our decade than any other in the language. An elderly gentleman, the incarnation of carefulness, had devoted to cautious speculation a couple of thousands, a fifth part of his life's savings, with the intention that it should educate his boys and portion his girls, in the feeling he could always retire from his little venture in time, and the knowledge that if the very worst came to the worst, and he lost it all, he could still hold his own and show a respectable face to the world. A civil servant, with some such sum, staked it the more lightly that his salary insured his future. Now it flashed on them of a sudden that the 90%, incalled on the 100% share, stood for contingent loss, as the premium at which they had bought represented contingent gain; and that whether the third, the half, or the whole should be called up, their ruin was the same. They learned it was oftener selfishness than self-sacrifice that induced a private firm of high name and standing to merge itself in a company; that the circumstance paraded in prospectuses as a prime inducement to investors, of the wealthy vendors consenting to retain half the shares in their hands, merely secured the remaining shareholders the privilege of paying double calls in the event of a crash. They learned that position and title did not necessarily carry brains and business talent, and that a veteran might attain high rank in the naval and military service of his country without educating himself to the solution of intricate problems of finance, and fitting himself to come off with flying colours from a free fight among groups of reckless adventurers. They found out that these decoy-geese had been only kept to cackle at public meetings, and had been suffered to have as little to do with the conduct of affairs as any of the breed in Leadenhall Market. Then, in their wrath and haste, they denounced their respected managers and secretaries as rogues or fools, and most commonly the one and the other. It came out, on investigation, that for the most part they had been pitchforked into their places by interest, on the strength of testimonials that established an utter want of ability or honesty, as being better fitted to serve the purposes of unscrupulous wire-pullers than to administer the millions that passed through their hands.

Yet still, in their desperation, those that had sunk their funds in schemes that were

nominally solvent, declined to borrow the experience of others and get up from the game while it was yet time, although the falling shares marked the sinking credit. Shrinking from penury, they waited for ruin. Others, wiser in their generation, or more hopelessly compromised, made up their minds recklessly that they might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, and went on the markets with large orders. No wonder Hemprigge had a good deal upon his mind, and was more often than ever closeted with his brokers. He had no reason to fear his absence being remarked: there was abundance of excuse for any business man being much out-of-doors in those busy times. But although, all things considered, he kept himself to his post at the *Crédit Foncier* with creditable constancy, it was, perhaps, quite as well for the shareholders that Childersleigh had monopolized the most important headwork of the establishment.

"What's the best news with you, Hemprigge? you seem in a deuce of a hurry," asked McAlpine, running up against the Manager at the corner of Throgmorton Street, as he was returning full-tilt from Sharpe and Merryleg's to the *Crédit Foncier*.

"The worst, I suppose you mean, Mr. McAlpine?" He had no time or thought to express surprise at meeting the chieftain in Lothbury when he believed him to be yet on his native heather. "Bad is the best in these most accursed times, and if the latest turns out true it will be the worst of all."

"What's going now? Is it the Bank here? It looks solid enough; but there is no judging by appearance in these days," returned McAlpine, nodding in the direction of that time-honoured building.

"Not to-day, so far as I know; although, upon my soul, it would not in the least surprise me if it went to-morrow; but the next thing to it. They say they're mobbing the counters of Bullions, Billsby and Co.; that shutting the doors will be a question of minutes."

McAlpine whistled a long note of consternation and astonishment. "I knew people had been whispering about them, but if they go down, what stands, Mr. Hemprigge: just tell me that? By all that's sacred, I begin to tremble for our place. If Bullions can't find help to tide them through, who can?"

"The Bank will have nothing to say to them. They tell me old Bullion went on his knees to the Governor in his private room. It's certain the partners took a carriageful of books and papers over to the

parlour, and were closeted there for a couple of hours; but for all that they brought back no money-bags."

"Trust the bank for that. It thinks them too good riddance to go out of its way to stretch a point. Two of a trade, you know; and they and their like have been playing Old Harry with the Bank dividends for many a year past. But now I look at you, Hemprigge. I never saw you so pale. It won't hurt us, will it, if they do go?"

"We may be let in for a few thousands, I fancy; not more."

"Cheap at that for a smash like this; and I daresay they will pay their twenty shillings in the long-run. Then why so glum?"

"It seems to me a smash like that is enough to make any man look grave—the wide-spread misery."

"Indubitably. But you'll forgive my expressing my astonishment at your regarding it from that particular point of view. You're known for a wise man, who regards his own concerns more than other people's, and I've remarked your benevolence is more personal than promiscuous. However, as you say, these are strange times, and there is no accounting for anything in them. Well, goodbye, I won't detain you longer."

The forebodings proved true, and the shutters went up at Bullions'. Then the panic culminated. The bears had it all their own way, and the Stock Exchange became a bear-garden. Good property was flung about as freely as bad, and no man seemed to know or care what was worth the picking up. Staid brokers bolted out and in of the swing doors like rabbits; and it took a strong-fingered elient to button-hole one of them for two consecutive minutes of quiet talk. Every now and again a bellow from the interior announced some new disaster, or the rumour of one. You saw an eager rush of members towards the sound, and your friend broke away in spite of your prayers and his hope of gain from your orders. For once the stock-broking oracles were uncertain, if not dumb, and refused to commit themselves to counsels. Meanwhile grim Despair and Suspense scarcely less terrible stalked abroad, hunting in the day-time their fevered victims from post to pillar through the City crowds, and, worse still, accompanying them home to dreary evenings in their dismal houses, and torturing them through sleepless nights. Burning brains gave way, and found quiet asylums in Colney Hatch or Hanwell, and some feeble spirits turned to the cord, the pistol, or poison for comfort in their mad

extremity. Over the length and breadth of the land there was agony at many a peaceful hearth, where family-ties were to be rudely snapped, and time-endured associations roughly rooted up by the *auri sacra fames* that had travelled the country like a pestilence. And promoters and managing directors chuckled over the pilfered booty they had hid away in snug marriage settlements and quiet foreign investments, and liquidators rubbed their hands over the corpse of credit like the *beccamorti* of Florence in the plague-time. Through it all, no one of the new establishments held its own like the *Crédit Foncier* and *Mobilier* of Turkey. Its shares had fallen fearfully, but they were still quoted at a premium, and as times went that was a stronger proof of confidence than the highest figure they had stood at in their most palmy days. But men live fast who are beset by constant care and anxiety: the pilot ought sometimes to have time to go below: and it would have been hard to say whether the Governor or the Managing Director looked the more worn.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"PALLIDA MORS."

THE crash Sir Basil had foretold and Purkiss had prayed for was come, and those gentlemen were among the sufferers. The latter had trusted all, or nearly all his private means to *Crédit Foncier* shares, and some of those held in his name his father had paid for. No sooner had Hugh's keen eye seen the shadow of the coming clouds than he had hoisted a warning to his kinsman, and Sir Basil inclined to listen to him. But Purkiss, interpreting the advice after his own heart, set it all down to malice and jealousy, and in matters of business Purkiss had his father's ear. The golden opportunity went by, the tide turned, the shares sunk, and the Childersleighs held on. Purkiss, execrating Hugh instead of himself, and bitterly repentant, shared his thoughts and time between reckoning the profits he might have made had he but sold in time, and counting up the moneys he had actually lost. With all his Mammon-worship, Sir Basil was at heart far less of a miser than his son, and had his money gone elsewhere, or gone at once, the losing it would have sat lightly on him. But until tempted to take this false and foolish step, he had been used all his lifetime to see business transact itself in the hereditary grooves, to divide annually legitimate gains, and write-off losses sustained in

ordinary course. He was unaccustomed alike to speculation and suspense, and it fretted him to look on helplessly at fluctuations over which he could exercise no possible control. More than that, he suffered with the remorseful bitterness of the man who renounces and denies in his age the honoured principles he had been brought up in from his youth. He had been false to the morality of Lombard Street and breathed on the bright escutcheon of "Childersleigh's." Much of his dignity of demeanour vanished with his self-respect. He showed himself captious to acquaintances and irritable to his family, rated his clerks sternly for their shortcomings, and made life anything but a bed of roses to his partner Purkiss, and his manager Cropper. He repined unceasingly at George's absence, and when the Lancer, with many self-reproaches, pleaded the difficulty of obtaining leave, talked of sending him an ultimatum with the choice between presenting himself forthwith, and seeing himself cut off with a shilling. Deprived of the society of his favourite son, and taking little comfort in that of his younger one, perhaps in his isolation he cheered himself more freely than his wont with his venerable Port and generous Chambertin. His old enemy, the gout, came flying round him, giving him passing twinges; his medical man dieted him, prescribing slops and abstinence; and ill at ease in body, the baronet was in a still less enviable frame of mind. Kept away a good deal from Lombard Street, shut up a prisoner with dull thoughts for company, his brain clouded, and he became the prey of fancies he gradually ceased to combat. He was oppressed with gloomy presentiments of impending calamity, and Maude and Lucy did their best to charm away the dark fits. Of the two his own daughter was not more gently affectionate or more patiently submissive to his outbreaks and caprices than his adopted one.

"What you want, Sir Basil, is change of air and scene; that would do you more good than all this change of diet," exclaimed McAlpine one day when he had bestowed his company on the banker from sheer good-nature, for under present circumstances a dinner at "The Cedars" was far from exhilarating. "Why do you not break away from your doctor and the weary City? Surely you can leave Purkiss to look after things in Lombard Street, and go down to Killoden.—Killoden air would set you on your legs again in a week."

"Killoden in the first week of June!—why, in my life I never saw the place before

August," remonstrated Sir Basil, but evidently struck by the idea.

"And why not? If you never saw it before August, you never saw it at its best, let me tell you, and can know very little about it. You Englishmen have a fancy that our Scotch climate is like an Iceland one with its nine months of winter. You never saw the sky so blue or the woods as green as when I passed the place a full month ago; the smell of the birches and the firs would be worth all the colchicum in the world to you. And Captain Childersleigh might do worse than come over for a fortnight's fishing."

"I have seen nothing of Captain Childersleigh for seven months, McAlpine; I never knew him go so long without leave in my life. Duty is all very well, but he seems to forget he owes some to his father; and I must say, when he knows I'm miserably ill and dull, and tortured with this infernal gout to boot, he might have managed to run over a score of times, if he had cared about it!"

"He has always known your health so good, that, depend upon it, he can't believe it is anything else," said McAlpine, striving to soothe the hypochondriac; "and then those Tipperary men have been troublesome as usual. You know well, if he was persuaded you really wanted him, he'd make his way to you through fire and water."

Once suggested to him, the thought of Highland air and Highland scenery gained ground fast with Sir Basil. Like the invalid who tosses restlessly from side to side, he welcomed any change as for the better. Maude highly approved it; for, away from Lombard Street, Killoden was the only place where her father was likely to find anything to occupy his mind; and accordingly she wrote to her brother at once, telling him it was become a question of their father's health; that he must manage to obtain leave of absence somehow, and promise, by return of post, to accompany them to Scotland. There was another member of the family who awaited the answer nearly as impatiently as Sir Basil. Although she was silent while he complained, Lucy had suffered at heart as keenly, and every complaint he uttered, every reproach he levelled at the absent George, wrung her heart and touched her conscience. Happy as she had been at "The Cedars," and friendless as she must be elsewhere, she would have torn herself away before now to seek her fortunes in the world as a pretty and unprotected girl might. But she could not leave them all without full explanation of her

seeming ingratitude; and even had she prevailed on her friends to part with her,—had she got over the embarrassment of making a second of her love-tales matter of family discussion,—the secret was George's more than hers. If she could not accept his love, at least she had no right to publish her rejection of it—perhaps make more mischief than she dared to think of. But now other considerations threatened to become paramount. Concealment was affecting deeply Sir Basil's health and happiness, and might even make an irreparable breach between him and his son. If she were the innocent cause, at least she was bound to do her best to repair it at any sacrifice of personal feeling. It seemed always her fate to have to decide important matters by her unassisted judgment; and in the circumstances, as she could not call Captain Childersleigh into her counsels, she must act for him as she could, and save him if necessary, at the cost of his feelings and her own. There still remained the chance—and how she prayed it might prove a good one!—that Killoden might cure what Killoden had caused, and that a second meeting between her and her lover might replace everything on the old peaceful happy footing. Were he to remain obdurate to his sister's appeal, were his fancy for her to blind him to his duty to his father, then her path would lie plain before her, to be followed out at any cost.

Maude's note to her brother concluded: "I could be jealous, George, if I did not love both him and you so much; but each day convinces me of what I long suspected—that you are infinitely more to my father than I can ever make myself. You must not let him languish when it rests with you to bring him back his old health and spirits. If ever a man in the service could plead urgent private affairs with solemn truth, surely you can. In any case, manage it somehow. Come, and come at once."

Then followed a postscript:

"I can think of nothing but our father, or I should tell you I fancy I have made a discovery. We always agreed that, fastidious as she is, we should have no difficulty in providing for Lucy; but, if I am not greatly mistaken, your friend Hugh intends to take the matter into his own hands. So she may be mistress in Harley Street yet, although Miss Childersleigh forgot her in her settlements."

George read it, and lost no time in having an interview with his commanding officer. As that gentleman had only been surprised at Captain Childersleigh's unwontedly assiduous attention to duty, he made no sort

of difficulty about the leave, and George sent off despatches to his father and Maude with military promptitude, with the assurance that he would follow them in person within four-and-twenty hours. But, with all his fondness for his father, and the causes for anxiety about him he found in his sister's note, it was the postscript that engrossed his thoughts. Until then he scarcely knew how much of hope he had had to live on, although it was the nervous fear of seeing his illusions dispelled that had kept him so long away from "The Cedars." Now his first and very natural movements were of rage and jealousy, and the bitter feeling that he did well to be angry. His affections and friendship had been betrayed alike; the man he had trusted and admired most in the world had been conspiring with the woman he had singled out for love, plotting their own happiness at the expense of his. Evil seeds will always find a resting-place in human nature in moments when it is left to itself; but it is not natures like George Childersleigh's that are the soil they thrive in. They shot up for the night, forced by his heated passions; when the morning brought calm reflection he looked upon them in horror, and cut them down in his regretful repentance. He told himself Lucy had always been honest with him, that it was for her frank honesty he first had come to love her. His humility, memories of their old boyish days, and his steadfast faith in Hugh, came to his help, till they brought him to ask himself how she could have done otherwise. She was a prize any man might be proud to win; but he knew Hugh, of all men, deserved her best, and ought to make her most happy. Then, if both were so dear to him, he ought to rejoice. If, being only mortal, he could not quite do it as yet, if he would have to strive to learn and to suffer, at least, he could count upon himself not to trouble their happiness. There are more men than we fancy in the world — and of the world, worldly — who have all the stuff in them for saints and martyrs, and who only want the opportunities to prove it. If Lucy had known all, it might not, indeed, have given George the love he longed for; but at least she must have felt a something for him scarcely to be distinguished from it. If Hugh had fathomed the depths of his kinsman's heart, it might have forced him into a contest of generosity that would have shipwrecked the happiness of their common idol.

The Childersleighs were back at Killoden, and Lucy herself, once more, was genuinely happy as those only can be who have been touched with sorrow, sparkling with the

fresh brightness that follows on rain and storm. As for George his hard schooling had come so easy to him, his cheerfulness was so unconstrained, that it merely seemed the reflection from the faces round him. His presence had worked like magic in Sir Basil. With that and Killoden air the banker renewed his youth like Æson simmering in his kettle of enchanted herbs. He sat his Highland pony like a lad of twenty, and stepped the mountain-paths as firmly as he had trodden the Lombard Street pavements in the best days of his manhood. Lucy might have sung and smiled a little less and blushed a little more, had she suspected her friends were deeper than herself in his heart's secrets; but all she saw was that each day replaced her more and more on the old sisterly footing with her admirer, and so she troubled herself less and less over the unlucky walk to the waterfall and all that had come of it.

George Childersleigh was not a man to do things by half, or to satisfy himself with having to smile while his heart was sore. The easier his task of self-violence came to him, the more he undervalued himself and his self-sacrifice, and in his chivalrous devotion he drove his spurs into the willing horse that carried him so well, and resolved to do something more yet for Lucy's happiness. "If Hugh loves her, as of course he does, and if she loves him, as she is sure to do whenever she lets herself guess her own secrets, why should they not be happy at once? Perhaps he hesitates as I did; who could dare to assure himself of such an angel? He is grinding himself to death in the wretched City mill that nearly killed my father. I'll bring him down to us for a week's holiday in spite of himself, and do my best to send him back with a hedge on forthcoming events that shall make the Crédit Foncier and Miss Childersleigh's money to boot matters of indifference to him. I may as well make my *protégé* thoroughly happy while I am about it, and then —" he closed the soliloquy with a sigh, that stifled itself in his sense of the pleasurable content. He sent off his letter to Hugh, and stopped himself, greatly scandalized, in the middle of a whistle, as he strolled over to the kennels.

"I thought I should do it," he exclaimed aloud in a cheery voice, with a gulp and a slight spasm at the heart as he ran his eye over a newly-arrived note one morning at the breakfast-table. "You must prepare to do the honours to a guest, sir."

"A guest at Killoden in June, my dear boy. Oh, I suppose some friend of yours from the regiment coming after the salmon.

Well, we shall be delighted to see him, and do our best to make things pleasant, and I'm glad to think you will have a companion."

"Both a salmon-fisher and a great friend of mine, although not from the regiment—but will you read his note, sir?"

"What! Hugh Childersleigh!" exclaimed Sir Basil, in a tone of no great transport; for, notwithstanding Hugh's well-meant and well-timed counsels to himself, he had scarcely learned to forgive him yet for ever floating the *Crédit Foncier*. The letter was brief enough, as became a busy man in panic times:

"*Crédit Foncier* and *Mobilier* of Turkey (Limited),
DEAR GEORGE, — Lothbury, June 16, '88

"*Viciati!* You have conquered. Man is weak and wicked; and the path of duty, so far as my later experiences go, excessively hot and rugged when it lies through the City. In short, I have persuaded myself, after giving more time to arguing the point than I could well spare, that I shall gain myself, and no one else be a loser, if I listen to the voice of the tempter. So tell Sir Basil and your sister I shall trespass on them, at your invitation, for a flying visit.
"Yours, &c."

But short as it was, by the time he had finished reading it aloud, Sir Basil's voice had changed to one of hearty satisfaction. Maude expressed herself unfeignedly pleased, and Lucy was the only one who had nothing to say, perhaps because she was the only one whom Hugh had left unnoticed.

Within four-and-twenty hours he followed his missive. It was literally holiday-taking by express: a day and a half to go, a day and a half to return, and four of galloping repose with black care jerked off the crupper and left behind. George remarked that, devoted salmon-fisher as he was, and although the picturesque Blackwater was as dear to the angler as the artist, Hugh's favourite salmon-rod formed no part of his light baggage.

They had broken the rule of the lodge for once and waited breakfast; and since he had been there before, he had not made a meal so pleasant. There were no letters for him enclosing scorpions to sting or leeches to fasten, messengers of woe and care; no papers containing City articles and share-lists that had not been already read and discounted. Again he found himself with time enough and to spare, where light talk flowed lightly from minds untroubled by thoughts of gain and loss; he had bridged a great gulf in the Northern express, and could almost have persuaded himself his revolutions in the City mill had

been performed in some former state of existence. It was the change from the fellowship of Hemprigge and his like to the society of Lucy—Lucy in her simple morning-dress and delicate bloom; from the smoke-caked stone and mortar of the Bank to the rain-washed peaks and cliffs that flashed and sparkled in the sunshine opposite; from the growl and roar of Moorgate Street to the peace of the lake that seemed to doze with half-closed eyes among the shadows at the mountains' feet.

"And now what are we to do with you, Hugh?" said George, drawing back his chair. "I assure you I feel the responsibility of amusing a man who lives on a couple of holidays per annum. McLachlan, I know, is dying to carry you off for a cast in the Alder-pool in the Blackwater. He charged me to tell Mr. Hugh there were some grand fish in it; and as for the grilse, they were leaping last night like mountain trout after the otter."

"Do with me what you will, so long as you don't sentence me to solitary sport. The bare idea frightens me. I've stolen away from the cares that have been worrying me for months past in town, and were I to trust myself alone, they would be on my scent at once, and after me full cry. I should be run into and broken up before I was well away. No! There's nothing like water for throwing hounds off the trail, and the loch there beckons me to its bosom as a sanctuary. Indulge a spoiled visitor, Maude, and take me to the Fairy's Green."

"I only wish I could, Hugh, for the sake of old times; but do you know I have been suffering from neuralgia, and am on my parole not to hazard myself on long excursions in the hills in case of changes in the weather? But Lucy there and George shall be your guides to fairyland; and as you may not care to trust yourself to fairy hospitality, I shall charge myself with most unselfish arrangements for your bodily comfort."

Although for different reasons all four would have wished Maude of the party, there was nothing more to be said. She could not go herself, but she would not hear of Hugh's fancy being crossed on that account.

"You'll be for taking the big boat, Captain?" said McLachlan, proceeding to cast loose a heavy four-oared barge that lay moored in the shed.

"No, I think not. What do you say, Hugh? We had better have the lighter pair-oar. We don't want 'to put our tail on,' and go in state. McLachlan and another man can row. The lake is like glass;

it's going to be a lovely day, and we may like to take a spell at the oars ourselves."

"The weather's never that mickle to be trusted on Loch Loden, Captain. I've known a wind, fit to lift a salmon-coble out of the water, come whistling down like a rifle-ball from the pass of Brae-hallion."

"I daresay; but never mind, I think we may chance it: so bring round the pair-oar and ballast her with the lunch-baskets. In with the plaids and the sketch-book. Will you make yourself comfortable in the stern, Miss Winter, and take the tiller-ropes? *Au revoir, Maude, au revoir!*" he laughed back to his sister; but for all the gaiety of his manner, there was something in his laugh and look that struck her painfully.

McLachlan and his aide-de-camp laid themselves steadily down to their work, and the light boat bounded merrily through the flushing water. Each feather of the oars sent a shower of yellow cairngorms skipping over the surface, and the double line of widening circles in their wake rippled and broke in gold in the sunshine. Flushed with the buoyant Highland air, Hugh laughed and rattled on like a schoolboy broken loose; and Lucy forgetting her consciousness of the society she found herself in in the pleasure of it, resigned herself to the enjoyment of the hour and her natural spirits. Their merriment gradually won on George, till his forced smiles came more easily to him, and his laugh had something of the old honest ring. A Highland misanthrope saddened by the solitude of his bogs might have said the party were *fey*—in the wild spirits that herald, as the Scotch believe, impending misfortune or violent death.

For two, at least, the hours had flown pleasantly at the Fairy's Green. Lucy, her eyes dancing with the overflow of the quiet enjoyment that was bubbling over in her heart, was in the state of mind that finds it a luxury to sit still and be happy, making the very most of moments so rare and precious. She was sketching, or pretending to sketch, the little mound girdled by the rushing stream, crowned by the deserted churchyard, with its crumbling fragments of wall and its moss-grown headstones, backed up by the lowering mass of Brae-hallion: the whole swimming in a Claude Lorraine haze of distilled topaz. And Hugh rested on his elbow on the grass, where he could bring her comfortably into the foreground of a little picture of his own; and whenever she turned her eyes his way, they naturally and inevitably encountered his, and each meeting sent her back to her work again with redoubled industry, more

brightly rapt up in it than ever, to all appearance.

It might have been the influences of the haunted ground, but she began to venture herself timidly among strange fancies, to flutter herself in a pleasant tremor with strange dreams of coming happiness. Illusions or realities, she gave herself up to them for the moment as she might to the passing loveliness of the Highland day. She obstinately shut her ears to reason, for reason would have told her that, enchanting as both were, one might be as quickly overcast as the other. The vision of finding a shelter for her life with the man in whom she had worshipped, from a distance, a god-like blending of strength and will and gentleness, was too seductive to be lightly parted with. She feared to awaken to find herself cast back in the abyss whose dismal depths the last week or two had saved her from—and back in them, with the memories of a glimpse of Paradise to make it blacker.

Rapt up in each other and their selfishness, the pair had neither eyes nor thought to spare for their companion. Seated above them, with his back to one of the old tombstones, George smoked his cigar, and envied not so much them as the forgotten tenants of the graveyard. "Not that, if I could, I would wish to crumble where I am, to go out in uselessness like the flicker of a taper in the sunshine. But if I could only give my life for her and my prospects to him, it would be something,—no sacrifice, assuredly: I set too little store by the one or the other."

McLachlan's voice wakened him from his melancholy reverie.

"Deil be in me, Captain, if I don't believe they're after the deer on the sides of Brae-hallion. There was a shot a minute back, and it was on one side of the march, I'll be sworn; and I know Dugald, the watcher, is over in Strathcreran to-day."

"Well, McLachlan, what then?"

"What then, Captain!" returned McLachlan, much scandalized at the tone in which his master received his information. "Deed, then, I was thinking I had best be stepping after them cannily myself. You and Mr. Hugh were talking of taking to the oars, and maybe you could manage to put through with the gillie."

"Of course we can, McLachlan. Off with you, by all means." And lighting a fresh cigar, he sunk back into the attitude and thoughts the keeper had disturbed him in.

McLachlan shook his head doubtfully to himself as he turned away. "I don't rightly know what's come over the Captain,

but he's very far from being the gentleman he used to be. It would do him a deal more good than sitting there by his lone, if he were to rouse himself to make a stalk on they poaching lads by Braehallion."

George entered too fully into his companions' happiness to be in any haste to disturb it. It is the outcasts condemned to look through the gates who are most keen to appreciate the joys of an earthly Paradise. As for Hugh and Lucy, they might have resigned themselves calmly to be benighted for any signs they gave of stirring. But when they did embark, even the lovers, if we may call them so, were fain to confess it might have been as well had they been further on their way. Braehallion was in cloud: the Claude light had given place to a Turneresque effect of gloom and storm. The warm air had chilled: they might almost have fancied it came with a damp flavour of the little graveyard it blew over. Lucy was glad to wrap herself, with a shiver, in the warm folds of the plaid that Hugh drew so carefully round her. Hugh took the rudder-lines, while George, stripping his coat, settled himself to the stroke-oar. The three were as silent now as they had been noisy in the morning. Hugh and Lucy were still lingering in their Paradise, and saw little or nothing around them—nothing of the heavy clouds that travelled faster than the light boat, or the black shadow they trailed after them like a pall over the bright surface of the water. Yet they were framed by the sheer weather-beaten mountain-walls of rock, in a Highland picture, glorious or gloomy, as it fell in sunshine or storm, but always grand, and in circumstances like theirs, terribly well worth the looking at. More practical considerations must have told on minds less occupied. George, indeed, was anxious enough as he looked at the beachless sides of the black tunnel they were travelling down, a narrow bay of Uri, like it, haunted, as McLaehlan had reminded him, by its fearful Föhn. With his eyes on the masses of dull grey clouds that jostled in wreaths through the pass by Braehallion, he pulled his long, sweeping strokes the quicker through the water, and his Celtic "bow," sharing his apprehensions and following his looks seconded him to the utmost of his clumsy strength. The catpaws that went flying fitfully over the surface of the loch began to roll up in wavelets and break in foam. The clouds arched themselves lower and thicker from mountain-wall to mountain-wall; and Lucy, scared out of her sunny trance by the deepening darkness, looked up shuddering at something that seemed to her

like the brooding wings of the Angel of Death. Then the wind was unchained, and came sweeping down on them from the mountain heights with the long mournful howls that had given to the valley that led down from its lair to the loch the Gaelic name of the "Fetteli"—the Whistles. The lighter clouds were tossed hither and thither like grey fleeces; the loch scowled upon them in livid fury, and its waves went rolling and yawning like leaden coffins, the white spray driving over them in sheets like shrouds. The sudden change from bright sunshine and brighter hopes made it more appalling. The two men were the paler of the three, certainly not with fear for themselves. Side-winds, caught and buffeted in the upper corries, came rushing back on them, threatening their frail bark with formidable cross-seas. Already they had been drenched with the spray, and now more than one wave-crest came washing on board over the counter.

"Don't alarm yourself, Miss Winter," shouted Hugh, and the voice came to her ear like a whisper. His hand sought a returning pressure from hers under the plaid, and George followed or guessed their every movement. "Don't alarm yourself: once round that grey point of rock and we pull quietly ashore in the shelter." But the rapid look he interchanged with George somewhat belied his words.

The two managed to change places, delicate work as it was, that Hugh might bring his fresh strength to the oar. Still the water came washing in, and George decided himself to do the best he could for the safety of the woman he loved, even at the expense of her fears. He slipped the luncheon-baskets overboard, first carefully removing the tumblers. Lucy caught the idea at once, snatched up one of them and began to bale the water, which already came washing round her ankles, when the movement of the boat sent it surging aft. Little good the baling did them, and the more the boat became water-logged, the faster the water came washing in. Out of condition as he was, Hugh rowed well; once he had rowed to victory in the University eight, but never had he pulled for such a prize as this. Donald seconded him as a phlegmatic man who labours desperately for his life; but the pace sensibly fell off, and the longed-for point of rock stood painfully stationary. Yet they neared it. All were looking at it as the goal of life; and for Lucy and George, who sat nearly passive measuring the distance that gaged their chances, the suspense grew to anguish. Lucy still baled at intervals half-

mechanically, but betweentimes her lips moved and her eyes fixed themselves earnestly on the lowering heavens above them. She was fast losing faith in human help. Yet it was only when her looks rested on Hugh that her composure was shaken or her expression troubled. As for George, again he saw himself as much forgotten by the two, as he had been when he was among the tenants of the old churchyard.

The point was won at last, and they shipped a heavy wave as the boat went round to turn it. Behind it, as they had hoped, the loch was calmer; and before them, but many a long yard away, stretched the long line of shingly beach. The boat scarcely moved. Lucy looked wistfully across to the safety that was so very near, and yet, to all seeming, so hopelessly beyond their reach. Her brain whirled back over the hours and minutes she had lived since morning, in all their details of thought and deed; her mind dwelt curiously on the strange swift transition from the trivial to the terrible, one moment laughing over the dressing of a Mayonnaise, the next trembling on the brink of the dark future, preparing for the launch into the profound unknown. Hugh's mind was in this world still, troubling itself with the busy past among the thickening horrors of the present. With all his grief at giving over his love to death before it had well bloomed into life, what had so long been his master passion still struggled for its place and hold, and he thought bitterly of this premature close of the schemes and dreams he had toiled and plotted in; of the only years he had been conscious of living all wasted upon vanities in another shape; of the idle shadow-dance that was to end in the waters of this Highland loch.

Lucy was the first to shape in words the ideas that oppressed them all.

"It is almost time to say good-by I think, for our parting must come soon and suddenly. If God ever takes you back to them, you will give my last love to Maude and Sir Basil, and for yourselves——" She stopped and shook her head mournfully as she looked on the cold tumbling water that lay between them and the home whose homelike smoke they could see curling up in the distance.

Hugh began removing the plaid he had wrapped her in, and tried his best to smile, although he did not try to speak. He had too little confidence in his own swimming powers to think very hopefully of doing battle for her against the angry Loch Loden.

"Quite right, Hugh," exclaimed George;

"we must prepare you for a cold bath, Miss Winter; and as I live and breathe still, I hope and believe you have nothing worse to fear. Trust me, you shall carry home the tale of your own danger. But, as for messages, be sure either you shall stand safe and well upon that shore, or Hugh and I have taken our last look at Killoden."

Hugh grasped his hand.

"I know all, Hugh, and that's why I tell you, you must trust her with me. You never could swim against me in your best days, and now you are breathing hard and blown with pulling. I am not thinking of you any more than you are of yourself, but we must do our best to save her and to save you for her sake, or she would scarcely thank us for her life. Forgive me, Miss Winter, I never revered you more than now, but this is no time for falsehood or false delicacy. You swim, of course, Donald?" he went on, anxious to spare her blushes even then, and turning to the boatman.

"Indeed, then, not very mickle, Captain; but I would gladly be doing what I could for the lady. For the best drove of ewes from Alt-na-sheen, I would not go back to Killoden and her left in the loch."

"And if ever we are both spared to meet again at Killoden, you shall not want the ewes for that very word. But, Mr. Childersleigh and I answer for the lady, and drowning men would only cumber us. Take one of the oars when we swamp and do what you can for yourself, my good fellow. Hugh, you strike out for the shore; do all you know to reach it and never think of us. Once landed you will be ready to give me help, when perhaps I may need it. For her sake, don't waste any words, my dear old fellow; you feel that I talk both sense and safety."

A slight lurch to one side, a hollow gurgle as the cold water, flowing quietly over the side, gently drew down the planks to which they involuntarily pressed their feet, and the next moment the four were floating in what, to all intents, was the bottomless boat. Donald flung himself across the oar, and, in the natural love of life, struck eagerly and heavily for the land. George Childersleigh had just time to exclaim: "Till we meet again, Hugh, remember Lucy and look to yourself." Then taking her quietly in his strong grasp, he shouted: "For our life's sake trust yourself to me, and don't struggle."

In the little whirlpool where they were settling down, the Kelpies seemed clutching at the ankles of their prey, but with a

strong effort he shook himself free, and then set himself boldly to buffet out the long and fierce struggle. It was no easy matter at best, swimming, so heavily weighted, in water so broken; but he had not over-rated his strength and skill, and Lucy's passive resignation excellently seconded them. Hope growing to confidence redoubled his powers, and already he gave Lucy, although she scarcely took in the words, brief assurance of her safety. The toil began to tell, but each stroke was carrying them into shallow water, — a few more, and the bank was as good as gained. But man proposes and hopes in vain; and in the shoal-water where he looked for encouragement he found despair. He struggled as gallantly with the conviction as he had done with the waves, but the one was more resistless than the other; something else than fatigue was dragging at his limbs, and they were caught in an undertow that was setting steadily towards the jaws of death they had so nearly escaped. George fought on, and Lucy, although fast losing consciousness, felt the desperate clutch of his tightening arm. He began to gasp, more than once he swallowed down a mouthful of the water that was gripping at his chest. Yet, resolute to conquer death, he almost baulked it, and if they missed salvation it would be only by a hair's-breadth. But the struggle grew feebler, his legs sank heavily downwards like the water-logged boat; his arm beat the waves rather than swept them. He had no breath to cry for aid.

That was the spectacle that met Hugh's reeling vision when he staggered on to his feet from a fit of exhaustion. He had fallen half in, half out of the water. The terrible shock restored him his vigour, and, as he cast himself into the loch to their help, he found firm ground beneath his feet; but then he had to force his way through deepening water, and a second might be worth a life; and what a life! Although the bitter blasts drew the water from his eyes, he was near enough to see a gleam of consciousness and comfort in those of his friend, as, keeping the instinct of devotion to the last, the drowning man let go the hold he had held to death, and sank backwards in the waves. So nearly had he brought his charge to life, that, when Hugh felt his footing fail him, a single stroke carried him to the fatal spot. Even then, and with Lucy going down within reach of his arm, his first thought was to plunge where he had caught the last glimpse of the companion of his boyhood. Nor did he rise empty-handed: for the

undertow swept Lucy back into his grasp, and needs was to secure her safety. In a madness of energy and incredibly brief space of time, he had dragged her out of the deep and through the shallow water, and thrown rather than laid her on the pebbles. But the time was eternity so far as poor George was concerned. Deaf to the imploring cry of Donald — who, half-dead, was dragging himself to the spot — he dashed back into the loch, and there would have been a double death to record, had not a shepherd, who had witnessed the peril and catastrophe from the hill above, come down in time to snatch him, far more dead than alive, from the fate he courted.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE CRASH OF THE CREDIT FONCIER.

LOCH LODEN kept its dead, and George Childersleigh lay sleeping somewhere in its depths. Day after day Sir Basil had his chair drawn to the windows, and would sit gazing down upon its treacherous waters. The storm that drowned the son had wrecked the father, and his City friends would hardly have known the grey-haired, broken old man. With that sight always before her eyes, Maude had scarcely tears to spare for her favourite brother's memory. Time after time he would insist on hearing the tale of his loss from Lucy's lips. Strange to say, he clung to her the more the oftener he heard of all she cost him; he seemed to value her at the price his son had given for her. Although it had a sharp sting of its own, that was no little consolation to her under the shock that at first had made her reason reel, and she tended him as a sacred legacy left her by her preserver. She had strengthened without hardening, and in her strong flexibility bore up under the steady pressure that most men must have been utterly crushed under. She could almost smile when she remembered how easily she had been struck down by what she once had called sorrow, when old Miss Childersleigh's death had left her homeless, friendless, and almost penniless. Hugh was raving in a violent brain-fever; he had never been himself since the evening they had borne him senseless from the loch, bleeding from the ears and mouth. For him there was nothing to be done but wait and pray; the crisis of his attack was still delayed, although every day made his state more critical. Meanwhile, in expectation of the sentence that was to tell her whether her love should live or die, she lavished her cares on Sir Basil, anticipating his lightest caprice with unnatural calmness and

overstrained exaltation. The clever country doctor, fetched from thirty miles off, had done the best that could be done at first, and the ablest consulting physicians had travelled from Edinburgh as fast as telegraphs and special trains could bring them, merely to look very grave in Hugh's sick-room and shake their heads over Sir Basil. Friends had gathered to Killoden; first Purkiss, then Rushbrook, last of all McAlpine. And Sir Basil's London circle had dismissed him with a compassionate "Poor fellow!" If people could find leisure to be sick in such busy times, it was the utmost of sympathy they could look for, especially when they were only the flies on the wheels, and the world went moving forward just as easily without them.

But with Hugh it was different. A man who for so long had held in his hands the fortunes of so many, naturally became the object of very general anxiety, and of many interested inquiries. Had his rapid run to the north ended when he meant it should, it would probably have escaped notice altogether or been passed lightly over. But in those days when distrust was so general, a trifle was enough to throw shareholders into a fever-fit of alarm. It was with some show of reason the constituents of the *Crédit Foncier* expressed loud indignation, that the Governor they trusted so blindly had capriciously deserted his post. It was confidence in his soundness of judgment, rectitude of purpose, and unwavering assiduity in business that had kept them hitherto out of the panic, and now that they were of a sudden bereft of these, they demoralized one another rapidly. News travels slowly from the districts *perdus* of the Highlands when there is no one specially interested in forwarding them, yet an event so tragic, happening in a family so widely known, could not be long kept from the papers. George Childersleigh's death was chronicled with Hugh's escape, and shareholders of the *Crédit Foncier*, believing at first that their truant Governor remained alive and well, had no reason to doubt he was sacrificing their common interests and property to the indulgence of his private feelings,—feelings doubtless laudable and very natural in their way, but cruelly misplaced just then.

Hemprigge had everything his own way. He had only to talk and there were crowds to listen. The faintest whisper from the Manager's room circulated as one in the gallery of St. Paul's. Purkiss, shocked for once, had started off immediately on receipt of the awful intelligence, without even thinking of communicating with the admin-

istration of the *Crédit Foncier*: indeed his relations with its Manager had greatly cooled of late. McAlpine had run down to Brighton for some days, and none of the Directors within call had much interest in defending the Governor, whose departure from town they had thought very ill-timed, to say the least of it. At his own suggestion, and by their instructions, the Manager wrote letter after letter, sent off telegram after telegram. As may be naturally supposed, letter after letter was flung unopened on the heap on the hall table at Killoden, and the telegrams only swelled it when Maude had once convinced herself they merely related to matters of business.

The Council of the *Crédit Foncier* was met in gloomy conclave.

"No man can feel more than I do for a family bereavement and all that sort of thing," exclaimed Schw rtzchild; "but a party who deliberately accepts responsibilities like Childersleigh's ought to regard them as paramount."

"Common civility, to say nothing of business considerations, might have made him write forthwith," said another. "If a man's whole family lay stretched on their death-beds, he ought to find time for a note."

"Captain Childersleigh is scarcely a relation even; a most distant connection in fact," interposed Hemprigge.

"Well!" exclaimed honest Marxby, "I always have believed in Childersleigh, and I won't give him up yet awhile. This silence is very unlike him, and after all he may have good reason for it. At the same time I for one mean to look after my stake in the Company." Marxby was extensively committed in various quarters of the world, and the prospects of some of his very best contracts looked rather grave. "We must think of ourselves and our property before anything or any one, and ought to lose no time in making the best arrangements we can for carrying on the business without him."

"There need have been no difficulty about it," remarked Hemprigge; "had it not been for that system of his,—a mistaken one, I needs must call it,—of superintending everything himself; perfect so long as he was here no doubt, but we find out its weakness in his absence. Perhaps I ought not to blame him, for he has relieved me of a great deal of trouble and responsibility. Still I must say —"

"I say now just what I always have said," interrupted Schwartzchild, "that he pushed it to excess, and see, as Hemprigge

says, what has come of it, and where it has landed us. But here comes McAlpine, and with more bad news for us, if I'm not mistaken. Speak up, man: what is it, anything fresh come to grief?"

"Indeed then, there is, Schwartzchild, and I would rather ten times over have heard of the fall of the house that stands the deepest in our books. Hugh Childersleigh is lying in the Highlands dead or dying. You may read that letter if you like: it's from Purkiss Childersleigh, Sir Basil's son."

Schwartzchild took it with a sigh of relief he scarcely tried to stifle, and most of the faces round lost something of the anxious expression they had assumed on McAlpine's entrance and Schwartzchild's surmises of calamity. There were few of them but liked Hugh, but assets were assets in these ticklish times; while as for human life it is a mere individual obligation, a strictly personal liability, that we each settle for ourselves when the time comes without involving our neighbours. Hemprigge stooped his face over a bundle of papers and said nothing. Schwartzchild read the note aloud, in which Purkiss gave a brief business-like account of the catastrophe.

Then the impetuous Budger took the word with a free English paraphrase of *Géronte's* famous refrain. "What the — was the man doing in a boat on the water at all, when he should have been sitting on his chair in his room here! That came of taking those fine West End gentlemen, that can't get along without holiday-making, to do your work. One would have thought he had concern enough of his own in the Company to keep him looking sharp after it in times like these."

"The Governor had reduced his holding very materially lately," said Hemprigge.

"Lucky for him perhaps, sir," rejoined McAlpine, fiercely; "that is if he be living still, and we are to look to you to manage things while he is away from us."

It was but a random shell fired on the impulse of a moment: yet judging from the dark cloud that rose to Hemprigge's forehead, it must have exploded something in the Manager's magazine of secrets. "As for you, gentlemen," he went on, turning to the others, "I might have hoped you would have felt more kindly to one who has been a good friend to us all, than to suffer him — his memory perhaps I ought to say by this time — to be outraged. It was an unlucky day for him when he started on this ill-fated expedition; but if giving himself up heart and soul to his work and yours ever earned an over-tasked man a week's holiday, surely

Hugh Childersleigh had deserved one. If he did sell his shares they were sold above-board, and he made no secret of the reason. It was but the other day I tried to argue him out of his determination to risk not only the money he made with us, but that other fortune he counts upon, that he might keep the bears from your property. But you may well lament he ever went where he did, for you may look long in this room, and out of it, before you find a man that's fit to fill his shoes."

"I like you none the worse for standing up for our excellent friend," rejoined Schwartzchild, without the slightest sign of irritation; "and it's possible there may be more truth than compliment in that concluding remark of yours. I, for one, am sorry enough for Childersleigh; but you must remember that, before all, we are business men, assembled to look after great interests in awkward times. It's just because we do value him that we have all been so much put out, and thought more perhaps of our misfortunes than his."

"Well," said McAlpine, accepting Schwartzchild's proffered hand rather sullenly, "we need say no more about it. He is a fool who looks for grapes on thistles or feelings in a Board-room. If it's any comfort to you, I can promise that in future at least you shall not go without news of the Governor, that's to say, if there are news to send. I start for the Highlands to-night; and perhaps I had best take myself off at once, as I don't feel much in the mind for business."

The warm-hearted chieftain might have served his friend better by remaining in London, and mounting guard over the Manager they both disliked. But Hugh was in extremity of danger; it was in his own country the melancholy accident had happened; he was Sir Basil's nearest neighbour; it was he who had persuaded him to go to Killoden; and, if he had never offered Sir Basil his well-meant advice, George and Hugh might both have been alive and well. So self-reproach conspired with anxiety to decide his plans, and Hemprigge saw the door close behind him with unfeigned gratitude.

Now they knew they had nothing to look for from the Governor, the meeting set itself to serious business. Hugh blotted out of their hopes, Hemprigge remained the only man for the hour, for he alone held the clue to all their multifarious transactions. None of the gentlemen present had reason to doubt his loyalty to the Company, and even had they suspected him they could hardly help themselves.

"Well, Hemprigge," said Schwartzchild, "this is a bad business, but you have worked hand-in-hand with the Governor from the first, and it is to you we must look to fill his place in the meantime."

"I shall do what I can, that you may be sure of, gentlemen," returned Hemprigge modestly; "and as, in my opinion, there could be no more fatal mistake than a change of conduct and policy in the middle of a crisis, I shall do my best to carry out the Governor's plans, and to think as the Governor would have thought. I need not tell you that Mr. Childersleigh and I have had many anxious consultations since the stoppage of the Suburban, and am glad to be able to assure you that I knew his mind most thoroughly."

"A sound principle in the main, that of holding the same course, Hemprigge, only you will spoil all if you push it too far. You have a good head of your own upon your shoulders, and we shall expect you to use it and show you are worth your high salary. No man, if he were twenty Childersleighs, can foresee everything, and you must think and act for us as exigencies arise."

"I'll do my best," Hemprigge repeated. He saw in the faces round him that he could venture to be self-depreciatory. "But, as I am not one of those men who hold by their own ideas in the teeth of every one else's, I hope you will forgive my submitting matters of difficulty as they arise to your judgment, gentlemen, and troubling you something oftener perhaps than you have been used to be troubled."

Nothing could be more reassuring, more pleasant, or more delicately flattering, and the Court separated, congratulating themselves on being able to leave their interests in the hands of a man at once so shrewd, so modest, and so amenable to control. On his side, Hemprigge felt he had no small cause for gratitude. His friend and patron, the Evil One, had come to his aid at an exceedingly critical moment, and flung him a spar when he needed it very sorely. He clutched the devil-sand with thankfulness and tenacity, and vowed it should be no fault of his if he did not float by it till the return of better times. For, sucked deeper and deeper into the vortex of speculation, bruised and sore from the fragments of wreck he hustled up against, bobbing about by this time in very broken water, more than once he had dipped clean out of sight of the cheering light of hope, and been tempted to throw up his hands and let himself settle quietly to the bottom. More than once he had been hard driven to meet inconvenient calls, and

liabilities were closing round him fast. The pleasure with which he used to count and calculate his gains became a memory and a bitter one. Now he did not dare estimate his possible losses: it was suffering in itself to a man whose mind was naturally printed off in figures and ruled like a ledger, not to dare a conception how he stood with the world, to have to live and grope in an impenetrable cloud, beyond which might lie insolvency and social destitution. Had he given his better judgment its head, it would have pierced the fog and acknowledged the insolvency to be imminent and menacing; for in former days few men in the City would have recognized more clearly than Hemprigge whither the City was hurrying, or how wild was the expectation that anything could save him from the consequence of his indiscretions. But misdirecting his diseased strength of will, he almost succeeded in deluding himself into a belief in the speedy advent of better days, and thus his opportunities at the *Crédit Foncier* came to him like a fresh lease of life. Breathing-time was what he had prayed for, and here he had it; what he must do was to make the most of the blessing.

That meeting gave the *Crédit Foncier* a new client, and made its Managing Director his own best customer. Nothing could be fairer. He enjoyed the absolute confidence of the Board, and the Board possessed the entire trust of the shareholders; so with whom could he deal more unreservedly than himself? Besides, as all flesh is grass, all credit is mortal; and it was no impeachment on his that it should share the common lot, and although, in reality, sound to the heart's core, occasionally stand in need of nursing. With credit the suspicion of disease is more than likely to lead on to disease itself; so, in simple duty to his employers, he was constrained to take the utmost care of his. The insolvency of a manager must be a deadly shock to the Company he directs; so, on principle, he was bound to employ the Company's funds on his own behoof, and for his private purposes plunge his hands in their money-chests. He had always entertained decided views of his own as to the propriety of finance companies reposing unbounded confidence in their managing men, and leaving them absolute discretion as to revealing or making a mystery of the more delicate transactions. Here was a case directly in point. So, when his necessities compelled him to negotiate a temporary loan, he said nothing about it to any one; and as he kept the bankers' pass-books in his own hands, he had no need to embarrass his subordinates,

or risk scandalizing the weaker minds among his colleagues, by letting them behold the scenes in his own special department.

Nor, as it fortunately happened, was that any very difficult matter. As we have seen, the system of personal government had always much prevailed in Lothbury; the most business-like of the Directors had habituated themselves to taking Childersleigh's words, countersigning his cheques, and endorsing his signature, very much as matter of form; and now Hemprigge found himself voted into Childersleigh's shoes. Moreover, by this time, those of the Council who traded on their own accounts, were far too much concerned with their own affairs to increase the attention they were in the habit of paying to those of the Company. Others of them—the Greek contingent for example—were too much enchanted with the greater facilities extended to them under the new administration, to care to cavil or to criticize it. There were members of the *Crédit Foncier* Board who figured on a round dozen of others, two-thirds of them already among the quicksands; and these were only too happy to leave one of the many irons that threatened to burn their fingers, to be tended by a man so notoriously clear-headed as Hemprigge. So Hemprigge could, at any moment, have, for the asking, the two signatures that were *de rigueur* to supplement his own, either from the ornamental division of the Board who were innocent as children, or from the bustling one who scratched their autographs standing, and set the final flourish to them as they were hurrying along towards the door.

In this crisis of his affairs he found no one's co-operation more useful to him than that of the dignified Sir Ralph Palliser; who, in his serene repose, looked down upon the bustle and scramble around him as the eternal Sphinx on a mob of shrieking tourists and gesticulating Arabs; who stepped into the Manager's room with his head in the air, his chest inflated, and his alternate feet committing themselves with diplomatic deliberation to the deep-piled carpet, as if each step was on the grave of a state secret; who, amid all your awe, suggested the irreverent comparison of a cock-pheasant swelling himself to the autumn sun in a stubble-field. Perhaps the grey eye, so long accustomed to gaze across to the frozen Neva from the sunny Bosphorus, could not so easily concentrate its force of vision on objects within an inch of the lofty aquiline nose; possibly the giant intellect that had grappled with Gortschakoff wanted the flexibility that can pick up the

trifles lying at its feet. Certain it is that there was no one of his colleagues whom Hemprigge welcomed to Lothbury with more unaffected cordiality than Sir Ralph; yet, even while devoting his precious time to being patronized and instructed by the diplomat, he marvelled less and less—such is the inconsistency of man—at our unappreciative Government having credited his honoured Mentor to the Shah instead of to the Sultan.

"Bless me Sir Ralph, ten minutes to two already, and I have an appointment in Cannon Street, at two precisely, with a man who never waits. But the time flies when you talk, and it is so inestimable a boon for a man who has the conduct of dealings with the East to draw on the treasures of your experience. And, by the way, before I hurry off, might I trouble you for your name to some half-dozen or so of cheques? I often think what a thing it is to have a name of world-wide reputation on our cheques as well as in our councils in times like these; to remind our connection that the greatest living authority on Eastern matters is thinking for us and them."

The Manager's free manipulation of funds was made all the easier to him, that the Company had opened three banking accounts; now they had relations with Childersleigh's, as well as Cox, Barber and Co., and the Bank of England. A little before, Sharp and Merryleg had begun to be slightly distrustful of their speculative client, who seemed to them to have his play of action somewhat fettered, and to be governed rather by necessity than policy, in continuing his fortnightly accounts. Now they began to reassure themselves, as they found no reason whatever to complain of backwardness. Mr. Hemprigge had resumed his enterprises, and on a scale that flattered him with a really rational hope of recovering all he had lost by them.

Perhaps it is the cleverest men who most often overreach themselves, and the most self-seeking who are the most apt to miscarry in their search. One memorable morning Hemprigge found an intimate of his own in his business-room, anxiously awaiting his arrival. Mr. Shovel was a cousin of the partners in the great contracting firm of Wheeler, Shovel, and Trench, which had lately transformed itself into a joint-stock company (limited). There was no mistaking the look of worn earnestness in Shovel's face: Hemprigge, of all men, ought to know that look well. Instead of receiving Mr. Shovel with outstretched and open hands, he clenched his fists tight, and sealing his pockets with

them hermetically, waited to learn his friend's business. Shovel wasted no time in beating about the bush, prickly and repellent as it looked, but precipitated himself into it forthwith.

"Good-morning, old fellow. Don't be alarmed. I know you must have a deal to do, so I won't detain you. I've come to you for an advance on 600 shares of Wheeler's."

Hemprigge pointed his finger in significant silence at the morning's *Times* that lay on his table. Sinister rumours had been bandied about the City the day before, and the 100*l.* in Wheeler's, 10*l.* paid, had tumbled from 5*l.* premium to par.

"Oh, yes, I know," said Shovel, answering the gesture; "but I only want 5,000*l.*"

Hemprigge smiled contemptuously. "My good fellow, I must say you don't overrate my common sense when you come to ask me to lend on a margin like that, and with your shares, as I am grieved to see, coming down as steadily as the rain falling outside; or any margin at all," he added.

"But only listen to me. The fall all comes of a misapprehension, as I have the means of proving to you,—some paper of theirs that was dishonoured in Amsterdam by a gross mistake of their correspondent's there."

Hemprigge shook his head. "An unfortunate mistake indeed," he remarked drily. "Well, I'm afraid I can only let you have my advice, and that is to realize your shares, and find the money you want that way. Take my word for it, you'll repent it if you don't."

"I must have the 5,000*l.* by twelve o'clock, or I shall be in the insolvent court next week, I tell you very frankly. But I tell you, too, I won't part with a share, so long as there is a stone left to be turned. I came to you first as a friend. You know my principle. I always have sold out of falling markets; if I hold on now, rely on it I have my reasons."

Hemprigge pricked up his ears. Until yesterday every one had believed Sir Josiah Wheeler's wealth to be something colossal. If he were really half as rich as men had believed him, he would never let this company go down; and as for his business, it was notoriously one of the most extensive in the world. Often before Hemprigge had rallied Shovel about being morbidly timid in getting out of schemes that seemed shaky; he had known him more than once submit to absurd sacrifices that he might keep on the safe side, and he had every reason to believe that he might have unimpeachable private information in this case.

He renewed his protestation by an eloquent gesture, but, as he had intended, his hesitation did not escape his watchful visitor. Shovel went on breaking his teeth on a heart of stone trying to work on the Manager's feelings by dwelling on his desperate necessities.

Hemprigge began to scent a good thing, and held back accordingly. "I'd do anything for you in reason, you know, Shovel, but business is business, and I can't see my way at all in this." And he set himself to opening his letters as a significant hint to the other that he had wasted time enough.

Shovel scratched his ears despondingly, turned as if to go, seemed to take a sudden resolution, and stopped.

"Well, look here, Hemprigge; I should not have done it if I could help it, but needs must when the devil drives. I pledge you my honour I have in my pocket here a private letter from my cousin Silas,"—Silas Shovel headed every charity-list in the City, and figured more often than any man in London on the platform at charitable meetings,— "and its contents must satisfy even you."

Hemprigge extended his hand.

"It's marked private and confidential."

"Business is business," reiterated Hemprigge.

"If I must I must," repeated Shovel, and he held out the note. It was dated the previous afternoon:

"(Private and most confidential.)"

"DEAR TOM,— "Grand Hotel, Paris.
"Don't part with a single share of ours. We are all right. It is unlucky Wheeler should be ill and Trench and I on the Continent; but I shall be back in town to-morrow, and before evening the shares will be where they fell from, or even higher."

"Your affectionate cousin,
"SILAS SHOVEL."

"Silas wouldn't tell a lie to save his life or net a million."

"At least he wouldn't put one in writing. I do believe, and that alters matters somewhat," asserted Hemprigge. "Well, I'd much rather not meddle; but I tell you what, if you don't find the money elsewhere, come back in an hour and I'll see what I can do for you."

In half an hour, as Hemprigge had foreseen, Shovel was with him again.

"I am really grieved to have brought you back, Shovel, I really am; but I have been thinking it all over, and I like it less than ever. Your shares are still falling, you see, and I could never answer it to my colleagues if I let you have 5,000*l.* on such

shady security. So I fear you must sell at once; nothing else to be done."

"Confound you, it's too late now," exclaimed Shovel, throwing himself desperately into a chair, clutching at his necktie and glaring at the Manager. "My six hundred shares would swamp a stronger market; I should throw away my property and be ruined all the same."

"Perhaps you are right. I am grieved for you, I am really grieved," said Hemprigge slowly; "the more so that I confess I think there may be something in your cousin's letter; although, on the other hand, it is quite possible he deceives himself. In short, it may be foolish; but if you must sell, I'm content to hazard something for friendship and buy. If you must have the 5,000*l.*, at once, I'll write you a cheque and take over your shares."

"It's hard on a man to sell a fortune for a song. You'll put in a clause of redemption, Hemprigge?"

"Indeed, I'll do no such thing, my dear fellow: you can't ask it. If the public are right, I lose my 5,000*l.*, and saddle myself with enormous liability. I tell you frankly I go simply on your cousin's word and the chance of some profit. But, if you don't like it —"

Shovel pled with fervent eloquence for a loan in place of a purchase, but Hemprigge was obdurate. "Well," he exclaimed at last, with a good deal more of savageness than gratitude in his manner, — "well, needs must, I say again: let me have the cheque at once, and we will go over to the broker's and have the transfer executed forthwith."

So Hemprigge became absolute possessor of the 600 shares, and then the pair of friends separated. Hemprigge walked up Lothbury chuckling over this unexpected turn of luck; Shovel strolled down Cornhill, smiling pleasantly: as he walked he tore into infinitesimal fragments the apocryphal letter of his cousin. "Something snatched out of the fire at all events, and a most happy thought of mine it was. I should never have got the half for them if I had thrown them on the market. I owed Hemprigge one for that Quito gas affair, and now I rather think I've paid him with compound interest. If I have not weighted him with a cool 60,000*l.*, my name's not Tom Shovel. Nothing like those fellows who are so cocksure of themselves for trying a plant on."

Mr. Shovel's private information proved as good as Mr. Hemprigge believed when he made his bargain. There was merely a misapprehension. Next day "Wheeler"

stopped, and with it their vast works all over the world, and among the wreck and ruin sprang up a thick crop of suits at law laid at fabulous sums for breaches of contract. Mr. Hemprigge's hasty mental calculation on his latest transaction stood somewhat thus: 5,000*l.* for shares plus 600 multiplied by 90*l.* money uncalled equals 59,000*l.* of total loss. Bad enough truly, and yet probably by no means the very worst. Not being in the secret of the workings of Mr. Shovel's mind, and believing that gentlemen had dealt throughout in perfect good faith, and left him smarting from the screw he had so remorselessly turned, Hemprigge had no doubt his interest in the fallen Company was likely to become speedy matter of public notoriety. If so, farewell to his lucrative connection with the *Crédit Foncier*. The ungrateful child of his brain would unquestionably disown its parent, and thrust him penniless and creditless out of doors. Mr. Hemprigge thought of Rifler in his tranquil home among the Swedish pinewoods, and sighed. He opened the mighty safe that stood in the corner of his room and cheered up a little. There was a good deal there capable of immediate realization, a good deal more quite worth the carrying away, and then, as luck would have it, he had Sir Ralph Palliser and Lord Albert Delacour ready to his hand downstairs, willing to sign him cheques to any amount. That night, when the many shareholders of the *Crédit Foncier* laid their heads on pillows more or less peaceful, their late Manager was watching the lights of Folkestone fading into the distance from the decks of the Boulogne packet.

Next morning saw a heavy pay-day for the *Crédit Foncier*; no arrangements to meet it and no Managing Director. Messages were despatched to his rooms in town and box in the country; at neither had he been seen since he left Lothbury the day before. His colleagues hastily summoned, were in despair. They could only guess at liabilities which a succession of pressing applications were rapidly disclosing to them, and while they stood and waited, rumour was busy with their credit. Mr. Chubb's ablest artists were called in to tamper with their own master-piece, while the mingled group of Directors, as they sat hungrily watching the proceeding, might have reminded one of a promiscuous circle of dogs by Landseer, from Sir Ralph the staghound to Budger the bull-terrier.

Alas! they might just as well have spared themselves the time and the anxiety. There was nearly as little of available

value within as they found at their accounts in the three establishments they banked with. The *fiat* went forth. The folding-doors swung to with a groan on their massive hinges, and in the palatial rooms on

the ground-floor, the light of other days faded from behind the bolted shutters. The *Crédit Foncier* and *Mobilier* of Turkey had been struck more prostrate than its Governor.

HERE is a curious letter, written in all sober seriousness to the Mansfield Board of Guardians:—

Ipswich, Mass., America, April 27, 1870.
To Chairman of Board of Guardians.

Dear Sir,—you will no doubt think it very strange my writing to you on the subject on which I have.

My name is Enoch Bailey, formerly of Sutton-in-Ashfield, where I am well known. I left England, July 25, 1864, for America, since which time I have lost my wife and also my right arm. I have a family of 5 children. Their ages are 19, 17, 8, 6, 4, and my children want me to marry again, but they would rather have an English woman, and that is what I want myself. When I was in England I saw plenty of women who would make good housekeepers and who would be kind to children, and would have been glad to of gone to America, so if you have under your care a good moral woman about 30 years of age, of good caracture, who would like to come to America if she would be provided with a good home and a kind and affectionate family, I pledge my word I would try to make her life such that she would never repent trusting to the honour of a stranger. If you think well to take any interest in this communication, and has it in your power, you greatly oblige your humble servant. You could enquire my caracture at Sutton-in-Ashfield, as thier is a man named John Branson who knew me in America, and I am well known in Sutton. Please answer this, and if favourable I will forward a pass from Liverpool to Boston by the Cunard line of steamers, and would marry the woman as soon as she landed, as thier is no troble of having bans put up in this country.

Please answer this as soon as you can, as I feel that good will come of it, and you will oblige yours respectfully,
ENOCH BAILEY.
Graphic.

RECENT events have brought out very prominently one distinction between Greek and Roman civilization which has not met with general recognition. The permanence and completeness of the latter depended to a very great extent upon the peculiar aptitude for road-making which the Romans at their best period, everywhere exhibited. In Greece, at the present time, it is hardly too much to say that not a single good road can be found; in Italy, and more or

less in every country occupied by the Romans before the decline of the Empire, the very contrary is the case. The debt which we ourselves owe to Roman colonists on this score can hardly be overated. The main roads throughout England pursue much the same course as they did fifteen or sixteen centuries ago, and the very stones which now form the bed of the causeway and give it stability were laid by Roman hands. What the Romans did for their own country and for their colonies is just what we are now doing in India and in less civilized dependencies; and in Greece much more may be expected from an adoption of the same system than from any attempt at mere terrorism. *Pall Mall Gazette.*

WHITHER GOEST THOU.

DIM Child of Earth!
With eye uprais'd to Heaven,
No record of thy birth

To thee is given:
The rockings of thy cradle are but known
To ONE alone.

Thou seek'st to fathom far that hidden past;
To reach the shore thine infant being bound-
ing:
In vain thy plummet toward the abyss is cast;
The line's too short for such a Deep-Sea sound-
ing.

But the Eternal Future lies before thee:
Whence thou dost come 'tis plain we cannot
know;
But thro' the cloud that spreads its shadows o'er
thee,
Say,—whither dost thou go?

What realm unknown, thro' all the bright crea-
tion.
Shall be thy dwelling-place?
Where, rapt in joy and holy aspiration,
Thou shalt behold His face.

We point our telescope to search the Ages:
We find no star!
Thou ponderest over Revelation's pages
What read'st thou there?

Upon that page one written line I see;
The hand I know:—
"Where I am, there my servant, too, shall be."
To HIM I go.
Macmillan's Magazine. S. GREG.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF RELIGION.

BY PROFESSOR MAX MULLER.

SECOND LECTURE.

THERE is no lack of materials, and there is abundance of work for the student of the Science of Religion. It is true that, compared with the number of languages which the comparative philologist has to deal with, the number of religions is small. In a comparative study of languages, however, we find most of our materials ready for use; we possess grammars and dictionaries. But where are we to look for the grammars and dictionaries of the principal religions of the world? Not in the catechisms, or the articles, not even in the so-called creeds or confessions of faith which, if they do not give us an actual misrepresentation of the doctrines which they profess to epitomize, give us always the shadow only, and never the soul and substance of a religion. But how seldom do we find even such helps!

Among Eastern nations it is not unusual to distinguish between religions that are founded on a book, and others that have no such vouchers to produce. The former are considered more respectable, and, though they may contain false doctrine, they are looked upon as a kind of aristocracy among the vulgar and nondescript crowd of bookless or illiterate religions.

To the student of religion canonical books are, no doubt, of the utmost importance, though he ought never to forget that nearly all canonical books give the reflected image only of the real doctrines of the founder of a new religion, an image always blurred and distorted by the medium through which it had to pass. But how few are the religions which possess even a sacred canon, how small is the aristocracy of real book-religions in the history of the world! Let us look at the two families that have been the principal actors in that great drama which we call the history of the world, the *Aryan* and the *Semitic*, and we shall find that two members only of each family can claim the possession of a sacred code. Among the *Aryans*, the *Hindus* and the *Persians*; among the *Shemites*, the *Hebrews* and the *Arabs*. In the *Aryan* family the *Hindus*, in the *Semitic* family the *Hebrews*, have each produced two book-religions; the *Hindus* have given rise to *Brahmanism* and *Buddhism*; the *Hebrews* to *Mosaism* and *Christianity*. Nay it is important to observe that in each family the third book-religion can hardly lay claim to an independent origin, but is only a weaker

repetition of the first. *Zoroastrianism* has its sources in the same stratum which fed the deeper and broader stream of *Vedic* religion; *Mohammedanism* springs, as far as its most vital doctrines are concerned, from the ancient fountain-head of the religion of *Abraham*, the worshipper and the friend of the one true God. If you keep before your mind the foregoing simple outline, you can see the river system in which the religious thought of the *Aryan* and the *Semitic* nations has been running for centuries — of those, at least, who are in possession of sacred and canonical books.

While *Buddhism* is the direct offspring, and, at the same time the antagonist of *Brahmanism*, *Zoroastrianism* is rather a deviation from the straight course of ancient *Vedic* faith, though it likewise contains a protest against some of the doctrines of the earliest worshippers of the *Vedic* gods. The same, or nearly the same relationship holds together the three principal religions of the *Semitic* stock, only that, chronologically, *Mohammedanism* is later than *Christianity*, while *Zoroastrianism* is earlier than *Buddhism*.

Observe also another, and, as we shall see, by no means accidental coincidence in the parallel ramifications of these two religious stems.

Buddhism, which is the offspring of, but at the same time marks a reaction against the ancient *Brahmanism* of *India*, withered away after a time on the soil from which it had sprung, and assumed its real importance only after it had been transplanted from *India*, and struck root among *Turanian* nations in the very centre of the *Asiatic* continent. *Buddhism*, being at its birth an *Aryan* religion, ended by becoming the principal religion of the *Turanian* world.

The same transference took place in the second stem. *Christianity*, being the offspring of *Mosaism*, was rejected by the *Jews* as *Buddhism* was by the *Brahmans*. It failed to fulfil its purpose as a mere reform of the ancient *Jewish* religion, and not till it had been transferred from *Semitic* to *Aryan* ground, from the *Jews* to the *Gentiles*, did it develop its real nature and assume its world-wide importance. Having been at its birth a *Semitic* religion, it became the principal religion of the *Aryan* world.

There is one other nation only, outside the pale of the *Aryan* and *Semitic* families, which can claim one, or even two book-religions as its own. *China* became the mother, at almost the same time, of two religions, each founded on a sacred code —

the religion of Confucius, and the religion of Lao-tse, the former resting on the Five King and the Four Shu, the latter on the Tao-te-king.

With these eight religions the library of the Sacred Books of the whole human race is complete, and an accurate study of these eight codes, written in Sanskrit, Pāli, and Zend, in Hebrew, Greek, and Arabic, lastly in Chinese, might in itself not seem too formidable an undertaking for a single scholar. Yet, let us begin at home, and look at the enormous literature devoted to the interpretation of the Old Testament, at the number of books published every year on controverted points in the doctrine or the history of the Gospels, and you may then form an idea of what a theological library would be that should contain the necessary materials for an accurate and scholar-like interpretation of the eight sacred codes. Even in so modern, and, in the beginning, at least, so illiterate a religion as that of Mohammed, the sources that have to be consulted for the history of the faith during the early centuries of its growth are so abundant, that few critical scholars could master them in their completeness.*

If we turn our eyes to the Aryan religions, the sacred writings of the Brahmans, in the narrowest acceptance of the word, might seem within easy grasp. The hymns of the Rig-Veda, which are the real bible of the ancient faith of the Vedic Rishis, are only 1,028 in number, consisting of about 10,580 verses.† The commentary, however, on these hymns, of which I have published four good-sized quarto volumes, is estimated at 100,000 lines, consisting of 32 syllables each, that is at 3,200,000 syllables. There are besides, the three minor Vedas, the Yagurveda, the Sāmaveda, the Artharvaveda, which, though of less importance for religious doctrines, are indispensable for a right appreciation of the ceremonial system of the worshippers of the ancient Vedic gods.

To each of these four Vedas belong collections of so-called *Brahmanas*, scholastic

treatises of a later time, it is true, but nevertheless written in archaic Sanskrit, and reckoned by every orthodox Hindu as part of his revealed literature. Their bulk is much larger than that of the ancient Vedic hymn-books.

And all this constitutes the text only for numberless treatises, essays, manuals, glosses, &c., forming an uninterrupted chain of theological literature, extending over more than three thousand years, and receiving new links even at the present time. There are, besides, the inevitable parasites of theological literature, the controversial writings of different schools of thought and faith, all claiming to be orthodox, yet differing from each other like day and night; and lastly, the compositions of writers, professedly unorthodox, professedly at variance with the opinions of the majority, declared enemies of the Brahmanic faith and the Brahmanic priesthood, whose accusations and insinuations, whose sledge-hammers of argument, and whose poisoned arrows of invective need fear no comparison with the weapons of theological warfare in any other country.

Nor can we exclude the sacred law-books, nor the ancient epic poems, the Mahabharata and Ramayana, nor the more modern, yet sacred literature of India, the Puranas and Tantras, if we wish to gain an insight into the religious belief of millions of human beings, who though they all acknowledge the Veda as their supreme authority in matters of faith, yet are unable to understand one single line of it, and in their daily life depend entirely for spiritual food on the teaching conveyed to them by these more recent and more popular books. And even then our eye would not have reached many of the sacred recesses in which the Hindu mind has taken refuge, either to meditate on the great problem of life, or to free itself from the temptations and fetters of worldly existence by penances and mortifications of the most exquisite cruelty. India has always been teeming with religious sects, and as far as we can look back into the history of that marvellous country, its religious life has been broken up into countless local centres which it required all the ingenuity and perseverance of a priestly caste to hold together with a semblance of dogmatic uniformity. Some of these sects may almost claim the title of independent religions, as, for instance, the once famous sect of the Sikhs, possessing their own sacred code and their own priesthood, and threatening for a time to become a formidable rival of Brahmanism and Mohammedanism in India. Political circumstances gave to the sect of

* Sprenger, *Das Leben des Mohammed*, vol. i. p. 9.

† Die Quellen, die ich benutzt habe, sind so zahlreich, und der Zustand der Gelehrsamkeit war unter den Moslimen in ihrer Urzeit von dem unsrigen so verschieden, dass die Materialien, die ich über die Quellen gesammelt habe, ein ziemlich beliebiges Bandchen bilden werden. Es ist in der That nothwendig, die Literaturgeschichte des Islam der ersten zwei Jahrhunderte zu schreiben, um den Leser in den Stand zu setzen, den hier gesammelten kritischen Apparat zu benutzen. Ich gedenke die Resultate meiner Forschungen als ein separates Werkchen nach der Prophetenbiographie herauszugeben."

† Max Muller, *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature*, p. 220.

Nanak its historical prominence and more lasting fame. To the student of religion it is but one out of many sects which took their origin in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and attempted to replace the corruptions of Hinduism and Mohammedanism by a purer and more spiritual worship. The Granth, i.e. the Volume, the sacred book of the Sikhs, is full of interest, full of really deep and poetical thought: and it is to be hoped that it will soon find an English translator. But there are other collections of religious poetry, more ancient and more original than the stanzas of Nanak; nay, many of the most beautiful verses of the Granth were borrowed from these earlier authorities, particularly from Kabir, the pupil of Ramanand. Here there is enough to occupy the students of religion: an intellectual flora of greater variety and profuseness than even the natural flora of that fertile country.

And yet we have not said a word as yet of the second book-religion of India — of the religion of Buddha, originally one only out of numberless sects, but possessing a vitality which has made its branches to overshadow the largest portion of the inhabited globe. Who can say — I do not speak of European scholars only, but of the most learned members of the Buddhist fraternities — who can say that he has read the whole of the canonical books of the Buddhist Church, to say nothing of their commentaries or later treatises? The text and commentaries of the Buddhist canon contain, according to a statement in the Saddharma-alankara,* 29,368,000 letters. Such statements do not convey to our mind any very definite ideas, nor could any scholar vouch for their absolute correctness. But if we consider that the English Bible is said to contain about three millions and a half of letters † (and here vowels are counted separately from consonants), five or six times that amount would hardly seem enough, as a rough estimate of the bulk of the Buddhist scriptures. The Tibetan edition of the Buddhist canon, consisting of two collections, the Kanjur and Tanjur, numbers about 325 volumes folio, each weighing in the Pekin edition from four to five pounds. ‡

Apparently within a smaller compass lies the sacred literature of the third of the Aryan book-religions, the so-called Zend-avesta. But here the very scantiness of the ancient text increases the difficulty of its successful interpretation, and the absence

of native commentaries has thrown nearly the whole burden of deciphering on the patience and ingenuity of European scholars.

If lastly we turn to China, we find that the religion of Confucius is founded on the Five King and the Four Shu — books in themselves of considerable extent, and surrounded by voluminous commentaries, without which even the most learned scholars would not venture to fathom the depth of their sacred canon.*

Lao-tse, the contemporary or rather the senior of Confucius, is reported to have written a large number of books: † no less than 930 on different questions of faith, morality and worship, and 70 on magic. His principal work, however, the Tao-te-king, which represents the real scripture of his followers, the Tao-sse, consists only of about 5,000 words; ‡ and fills no more than thirty pages. But here again we find that for that very reason the text is unintelligible without copious commentaries, so that M. Julien had to consult more than sixty commentators for the purpose of his translation, the earliest going back as far as the year 163 B.C.

There is a third established religion in China, that of Fo; but Fo is only the Chinese corruption of Buddha, and though the religion of Buddha, as transferred from India to China, has assumed a peculiar character and produced an enormous literature of its own, yet Chinese Buddhism cannot be called an independent religion, any more than Buddhism in Ceylon, Burmah, and Siam, or in Nepal, Tibet, and Mongolia.

But after we have collected this library of the sacred books of the world with their indispensable commentaries, are we then in possession of the requisite materials for studying the growth and decay of the religious convictions of mankind at large? Far from it. The largest portion of mankind, — ay, and some of the most valiant champions in the religious and intellectual struggles of the world, would be unrepresented in our theological library. Think only of the Greeks and the Romans; think of the Teutonic, the Celtic and Slavonic nations! Where are we to gain an insight into what we may call their real religious convictions, previous to the comparatively recent period when their ancient temples

* *The Chinese Classics*, with a Translation, Notes, Prolegomena, and Indexes. By James Legge, D.D.; 7 vols. London: Trubner & Co.

† Stan. Julien, *Tao te king*, p. xxxvii.

‡ Julien, *Tao te king*, p. xxxi., xxxv. The texts vary from 5,610, 5,530, 5,688 to 5,722 words. The text published by M. Stan. Julien consists of 5,520 words.

* Spence Hardy, *The Legends and Theories of the Buddhists*, p. 66.

† 8,567,180.

‡ *Chips from a German Workshop*, vol. i. p. 193.

were levelled to the ground to make room for new cathedrals; and their sacred oaks were felled to be changed into crosses, planted along every mountain pass and forest lane? Homer and Hesiod do not tell us what was the religion, the real heart-religion of the Greeks, nor were their own poems ever considered as sacred, or even as authoritative and binding, by the highest intellects among the Greeks. In Rome we have not even an Iliad or Odyssey; and when we ask for the religious worship of the Teutonic, the Celtic, or the Slavonic tribes, the very names of many of the deities in whom they believed are forgotten and lost for ever, and the scattered notices of their faith have to be picked up and put together like the small stones of a broken mosaic that once formed the pavement in the ruined temples of Rome.

The same gaps, the same want of representative authorities, which we witness among the Aryan, we meet again among the Semitic nations, as soon as we step out of the circle of their book-religions. The Babylonians, the Phœnicians and Carthaginians, the Arabs before their conversion to Mohammedanism, all are without canonical books, and a knowledge of their religion has to be gathered, as well as may be, from monuments, inscriptions, traditions, from proper names, from proverbs, from curses, and other stray notices which require the greatest care before they can be properly sifted and successfully fitted together.

But now let us go on further. The two beds in which the stream of Aryan and Semitic thought has been rolling on for centuries from south-east to north-west, from the Indus to the Thames, from the Euphrates to the Jordan and the Mediterranean, cover but a narrow tract of country compared with the vastness of our globe. As we rise higher, our horizon expands on every side, and wherever there are traces of human life there are traces also of religion. Along the shores of the ancient Nile we see still standing the Pyramids, and the ruins of temples and labyrinths, their walls covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions, and with the strange pictures of gods and goddesses. On rolls of papyrus, which seem to defy the ravages of time, we have even fragments of what may be called the sacred books of the Egyptians. Yet though much has been deciphered in the ancient records of that mysterious race, the main spring of the religion of Egypt and the original intention of its ceremonial worship are far from being fully disclosed to us. As we follow the sacred stream to its distant

sources the whole continent of Africa opens before us, and wherever we now see kraals and cattle-pens, depend upon it there was to be seen once, or there is to be seen even now, the smoke of sacrifices rising up from earth to heaven. The ancient relics of African faith are rapidly disappearing at the approach of Mohammedan and Christian missionaries; but what has been preserved of it, chiefly through the exertions of learned missionaries, is full of interest to the student of religion, with its strange worship of snakes and ancestors, its vague hope of a future life, and its not altogether faded reminiscence of a Supreme God, the Father of the black as well as of the white man.

From the eastern coast of Africa our eye is carried across the sea where, from Madagascar to Hawaii, island after island stands out like so many pillars of a sunken bridge that once spanned the Indian and Pacific oceans. Everywhere, whether among the dark Papuan or the yellowish Malay, or the brown Polynesian races scattered on these islands, even among the lowest of the low in the scale of humanity, there are, if we will but listen, whisperings about divine beings, imaginings of a future life; there are prayers and sacrifices which, even in their most degraded and degrading form, still bear witness to that old and ineradicable faith that everywhere there is a God to hear our prayers, if we will but call on Him, and to accept our offerings, if they are offered as a ransom for sin or as a token of a grateful heart.

Still farther east the double continent of America becomes visible, and in spite of the unchristian vandalism of its first discoverers and conquerors, there, too, we find materials for the study of an ancient, and, it would seem, independent faith. Unfortunately, the religious and mythological traditions, collected by the first Europeans who came in contact with the natives of America, reach back but a short distance beyond the time when they were written down, and they seem in several cases to reflect the thoughts of the Spanish listeners as much as those of the native narrators. The quaint hieroglyphic manuscripts of Mexico and Guatemala have as yet told us very little, and the accounts written by natives in their native language have to be used with great caution. Still the ancient religion of the Aztecs of Mexico and of the Incas of Peru is full of interesting problems. As we advance towards the north and its redskinned inhabitants our information becomes more meagre still, and after what happened some years ago, no *Livre des Sau-*

vages is likely to come to our assistance again. Yet there are wild and home-grown specimens of religious faith to be studied even now among the receding and gradually perishing tribes of the Red Indians, and, in their languages as well as in their religions, traces may possibly still be found, before it is too late, of pre-historic migrations of men from the primitive Asiatic to the American continent, either across the stepping-stones of the Aleutic bridge in the north, or lower south by drifting with favourable winds from island to island till the hardy canoe was landed or wrecked on the American coast, never more to return to the Asiatic home from which it started.

And when in our religious survey we finally come back again to the Asiatic continent, we find here too, although nearly the whole of its area is now occupied by one or the other of the eight book-religions, by Mosaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism, by Brahmanism, Buddhism and Zoroastrianism, and in China by the religions of Confucius and Lao-tse, that nevertheless partly below the surface, and in some places still on the surface, more primitive forms of worship have maintained themselves. I mean the Shamanism of the Mongolian race, and the beautiful half-Homeric mythology of the Finnish and Esthonian tribes.

And now that I have displayed this world-wide panorama before your eyes, you will share, I think, the feeling of dismay with which the student of the science of religion looks around and asks himself where to begin and how to proceed. That there are materials in abundance, capable of scientific treatment, no one would venture to deny. But how are they to be held together? How are we to discover what all these religions share in common? How they differ? How they rise and how they decline? What they are and what they mean?

Let us take the old saying, *Divide et impera*, and translate it somewhat freely by "Classify and conquer," and I believe we shall then lay hold of the old thread of Ariadne which has led the students of many a science through darker labyrinths even than the labyrinth of the religions of the world. All real science rests on classification, and only in case we cannot succeed in classifying the various dialects of faith shall we have to confess that a science of religion is really an impossibility. If the ground before us has once been properly surveyed and carefully parcelled out, each scholar may then cultivate his own glebe, without wasting his energies and

without losing sight of the general purposes to which all special researches must be subservient.

How, then, is the vast domain of religion to be parcelled out? How are religions to be classified, or, we ought rather to ask first, how have they been classified before now? The simplest classification, and one which we find adopted in almost every country, is that into *true* and *false* religions. It is very much like the first classification of languages into one's own language and the language of the rest of the world; as the Greeks would say, into the languages of the Greeks and the Barbarians; or, as the Jews would say, into the languages of the Jews and the Gentiles; or, as the Hindus would say, into the languages of the Aryas and Mlekkhas; or, as the Chinese would say, into the languages of the Middle Empire and that of the Outer Barbarians. I need not say why that sort of classification is useless for scientific purposes.

There is another classification, apparently of a more scientific character, but if examined more closely, equally worthless to the student of religion. I mean the well-known division into *revealed* and *natural* religions.

I have first to say a few words on the meaning attached to natural religion. That word is constantly used in very different acceptations. It is applied by several writers to certain historical forms of religion, which are looked upon as not resting on the authority of revelation, in whatever sense that word may be hereafter interpreted. Thus Buddhism would be a natural religion in the eyes of the Brahmans, Brahmanism would be a natural religion in the eyes of the Mohammedans. With us, all religions except Christianity and, though in a lesser degree, Mosaism, would be classed as merely natural; and though natural does not imply false, yet it distinctly implies the absence of any sanction beyond the sense of truth, or the voice of conscience that is within us.

But Natural Religion is also used in a very different sense, particularly by the philosophers of the last century. When people began to subject the principal historical religions to a critical analysis, they found that after removing what was peculiar to each, there remained certain principles which they all shared in common. These were supposed to be the principles of Natural Religion. Again, when everything that seemed supernatural, miraculous, and irrational, had been removed from the pages of the New Testament, there still remained a kind of skeleton of religion, and this too was passed off under the name

of Natural Religion. During the last century, philosophers who were opposing the spread of scepticism and infidelity, thought that this kind of natural, or, as it was also called, rational religion, might serve as a breakwater against utter unbelief, but they soon found out that a mere philosophical system, however true, can never take the place of religious faith. When Diderot said that all revealed religions were the heresies of Natural Religion, he meant by Natural Religion a body of truths implanted in human nature, to be discovered by the eye of reason alone, and independent of any such historical or local influences as give to each religion its peculiar character and local aspect. The existence of a deity, the nature of his attributes, such as Omnipotence, Omniscience, Omnipresence, Eternity, Self-existence, Spirituality, the Goodness also of the Deity, and connected with it, the admission of a distinction between Good and Evil, between Virtue and Vice, all this, and according to some writers, the Unity and Personality also of the Deity, were included in the domain of Natural Religion. The scientific treatment of this so-called Natural Religion received the names of Natural Theology, a title rendered famous in the beginning of our century by the much praised and much abused work of Paley. Natural Religion corresponds in the science of religion to what in the science of language used to be called *Grammaire générale*, a collection of fundamental rules which are supposed to be self-evident, without which no grammar would be possible, but which, strange to say, never exist in their purity and completeness in any language that is or ever has been spoken by human beings. It is the same with religion. There never has been any real religion, consisting exclusively of the pure and simple tenets of Natural Religion, though there have been certain philosophers who brought themselves to believe that their religion was entirely rational, was, in fact, pure and simple Deism.

If we speak, therefore, of a classification of all historical religions into revealed and natural, what is meant by natural is simply the negation of revealed, and if we tried to carry out the classification practically, we should find the same result as before. We should have on one side Christianity alone, or, according to some theologians, Christianity and Judaism; on the other, all the remaining religions of the world.

This classification, therefore, whatever may be its practical value, is perfectly useless for scientific purposes. A more extended study shows us very soon that the

claim of revelation is set up by the founders, or if not by them, at all events by the later preachers and advocates of most religions; and would therefore be declined by all but ourselves as a distinguishing feature of Christianity and Judaism. We shall see, in fact, that the claims to a revealed authority are urged far more strongly and elaborately by the believers in the Veda, than by the apologetical theologians among the Jews and Christians. Even Buddha, originally the most thoroughly human and self-dependent among the founders of religion, is by a strange kind of inconsistency represented in later controversial writings, as in possession of revealed truth.* He himself could not, like Numa or Zoroaster, or Mohammed,† claim communication with higher spirits; still less could he, like the poets of the Veda, speak of divine inspirations and god-given utterances: for according to him there was none among the spirits greater or wiser than himself, and the gods of the Veda had become his servants and worshippers. Buddha himself appeals only to what we should call the inner light.‡ When he delivered for the first time the four fundamental doctrines of his system, he said, "Mendicants, for the attainment of these previously unknown doctrines, the eye, the knowledge, the wisdom, the clear perception, the light were developed within me." He was called Sarvagna or omniscient by his earliest pupils; but when in later times, it was seen that on several points Buddha had but spoken the language of his age, and had shared the errors current among his contemporaries with regard to the shape of the earth and the movement of the heavenly bodies, an important concession was made by Buddhist theologians. They limited the meaning of the word "omniscient," as applied to Buddha, to a knowledge of the principal doctrines of his system, and concerning these, but these only, they declared him to have been infallible. This may seem to be a modern kind of view, but whether modern or ancient, it certainly reflects great credit on the Buddhist theologians. In the Milinda Prasna, however, which is a canonical book, we see that the same idea was already rising in the mind of the great Nagasena. Being asked by King Milinda whether Buddha is omniscient, he replies: "Yes, Great King, the blessed Buddha is omniscient. But Buddha

* *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature*, by Max Muller, p. 83.

† Sprenger, *Mohammed*, vol. II p. 423.

‡ Gogerly, *The Evidences and Doctrines of Christian Religion*, Colombo, 1832. Part I.

does not at all times exercise his omniscience. By meditation he knows all things; meditating he knows everything he desires to know.⁹ In this reply a distinction is evidently intended between subjects that may be known by sense and reason, and subjects that can be known by meditation only. Within the domain of sense and reason, Nagasena does not claim omniscience or infallibility for Buddha, but he claims for him both omniscience and infallibility in all that is to be perceived by meditation only, or, as we should say, in matters of faith.

I shall have to explain to you hereafter the extraordinary contrivances by which the Brahmans endeavoured to eliminate every human element from the hymns of the Veda, and to establish, not only the revealed, but the pre-historic or even ante-mundane character of their scriptures. No apologetic writings have ever carried the theory of revelation to greater extremes.

In the present stage of our enquiries, all that I wish to point out is this, — that when the founders or defenders of nearly all the religions of the world appeal to some kind of revelation in support of the truth of their doctrines, it could answer no useful purpose were we to attempt any classification on such disputed ground. Whether the claim of a natural or preternatural revelation, put forward by different religions, is well founded or not, is not the question at present. It falls to the province of Theoretic Theology to explain the true meaning of revelation, for few words have been used so vaguely and in so many different senses. It falls to its province to explain, not only how the veil was withdrawn that intercepted for a time the rays of divine truth, but, what is a far more difficult problem, how there could ever have been a veil between truth and the seeker of truth, between the adoring heart and the object of the highest adoration, between the Father and his children.

In Comparative Theology our task is different: we have simply to deal with the facts such as we find them. If people regard their religion as revealed, it is to them a revealed religion, and has to be treated as such by an impartial historian. We cannot determine a question by adopting, without discussion, the claims of one party, and ignoring those of the other.

But this principle of classification into revealed and natural religions appears still more faulty, when we look at it from another point of view. Even if we granted that all religions, except Christianity and Mosaism, derived their origin from those

faculties of the mind only which, according to Paley, are sufficient by themselves for calling into life the fundamental tenets of what we explained before as natural religion, the classification of Christianity and Judaism on one side as *revealed*, and of the other religions as *natural*, would still be defective, for the simple reason that no religion, though founded on revelation, can ever be entirely separated from natural religion. The tenets of natural religion, though by themselves they never constituted a real historical religion, supply the only ground on which revealed religion can stand, the only soil where it can strike root, and from which it can receive nourishment and life. If we took away that soil, or if we supposed that it, too, had to be supplied by revelation, we should not only run counter to the letter and spirit of the Old and the New Testament, but we should degrade revealed religion by changing it into a mere formula, to be accepted by a recipient incapable of questioning, weighing, and appreciating its truth; we should indeed have the germ, but we should have thrown away the congenial soil in which alone that germ of true religion can live and grow.

Christianity, addressing itself not only to the Jews, but also to the Gentiles, not only to the ignorant, but also to the learned, not only to the believers, but in the first instance, to the unbeliever, pre-supposed in all of them the elements of natural religion, and with them the power of choosing between truth and untruth. Thus only could St. Paul say: "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good." (1 Thess. v. 21.)

The same is true with regard to the Old Testament. There, too, the belief in a Deity, and in some at least of its indefeasible attributes, is taken for granted, and the prophets who call the wayward Jews back to the worship of Jehovah, appeal to them as competent by the truth-testing power that is within them, to choose between Jehovah and the gods of the Gentiles, between truth and untruth. Remember only the important chapter in the earliest history of the Jews, when Joshua gathered all the tribes of Israel to Shechem, and called for the elders of Israel, and for their heads, and for their judges, and for their officers; and they presented themselves before God.

"And Joshua said unto all the people: Thus saith the Lord God of Israel: Your fathers dwelt on the other side of the flood in old time, even Terah, the father of Abraham, and the father of Nachor; and they served other gods."

And then, after reminding them of all that God has done for them, he concludes by saying:

"Now, therefore, fear the Lord, and serve him in sincerity and in truth; and put away the gods which your fathers served on the other side of the flood, and in Egypt, and serve ye the Lord.

"And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, *choose you* this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites in whose lands ye dwell; but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

In order to choose between different gods and different forms of faith, a man must possess the faculty of choosing; the instruments of testing truth and untruth, whether revealed or not; he must know that certain fundamental tenets cannot be absent in any true religion, and that there are doctrines against which his rational or moral conscience revolts as incompatible with truth. In short, there must be the foundation of religion, there must be the solid rock, before it is possible to erect an altar, a temple, or a church; and if we call that foundation natural religion, it is clear that no revealed religion can be thought of which does not rest more or less firmly on natural religion.

These difficulties have been felt distinctly by some of our most learned divines, who have attempted a classification of religions from their own point of view. New definitions of natural religion have therefore been proposed in order to avoid the overlapping of the two definitions of natural and revealed religion. Natural religion has, for instance, been explained as the religion of nature before revelation, such as may be supposed to have existed among the patriarchs, or to exist still among primitive people who have not yet been enlightened by Christianity or debased by idolatry.

According to this view we should have to distinguish not two, but three classes of religion: the primitive or natural, the debased or idolatrous, and the revealed. But, as pointed out before, the first, the so-called primitive or natural religion, exists in the minds of modern philosophers rather than of ancient poets and prophets. History never tells us of any race with whom the simple feeling of reverence for higher powers was not hidden under mythological disguises. Nor would it be possible even thus to separate the three classes of religion by sharp and definite lines of demarcation, because both the debased or idolatrous and the purified or revealed religions would

of necessity include within themselves the elements of natural religion. Nor do we diminish these difficulties in the classificatory stage of our science, if, in the place of this simple natural religion, we admit with other theologians and philosophers, a universal primeval revelation. This universal primeval revelation is only another name for natural religion, and it rests on no authority but the speculations of philosophers. The same class of philosophers, considering that language was too wonderful an achievement for the human mind, insisted on the necessity of admitting a universal primeval language revealed directly by God to man, or rather to mute beings; while the more thoughtful and the more reverent among the Fathers of the Church and among the founders of modern philosophy pointed out that it was more consonant with the general working of an all-wise and all-powerful Creator, that he should have endowed human nature with germinant faculties of speech, instead of presenting mute beings with grammars and dictionaries ready-made. Is an infant less wonderful than a man? an acorn less wonderful than an oak tree? a cell, if you like, or a protoplasm, including potentially within itself all that it has to become hereafter, less wonderful than all the moving creatures that have life? The same applies in religion. A universal primeval religion revealed direct by God to man, or rather to a crowd of atheists, may, to our human wisdom, seem the best solution of all difficulties; but a higher wisdom speaks to us from out the realities of history, and teaches us, if we will but learn, that "we have all to seek the Lord, if haply we may feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us."

Of the hypothesis of a universal primeval revelation and all its self-created difficulties we shall have to speak again; for the present it must suffice if we have shown that the problem of a scientific classification of religion is not brought nearer to its solution by the additional assumption of another purely hypothetical class of religion.

We have not finished yet. A very important, and for certain purposes, very useful classification has been that into polytheistic, dualistic, and monotheistic religions. If religion rests chiefly on a belief in a Higher Power, then the nature of that Higher Power would seem to supply a very characteristic feature by which to classify the religions of the world. Nor do I deny that for certain purposes such a classification has proved useful; all I maintain is that we should thus have to class together religions heterogeneous in other respects, though

agreeing in the number of their deities. Besides, it would certainly be necessary to add two other classes — the *henotheistic* and the *atheistic*. Henotheistic religions differ from polytheistic because, although they recognize the existence of various deities, or names of deities, they represent each deity as independent of all the rest, as the only deity present in the mind of the worshipper at the time of his worship and prayer. This character is very prominent in the religion of the Vedic poets. Although many gods are invoked in different hymns, sometimes also in the same hymn, yet there is no rule of precedence established among them; and, according to the varying aspects of nature, and the various cravings of the human heart, it is sometimes Indra, the god of the blue sky, sometimes Agni, the god of fire, sometimes Varuna, the ancient god of the firmament, who are praised as supreme without any suspicion of rivalry, or any idea of subordination. This peculiar phase of religion, this worship of single gods forms probably everywhere the first stage in the growth of polytheism, and deserves therefore a separate name.

As to atheistic religions, they might seem to be perfectly impossible; and yet the fact cannot be disputed away that the religion of Buddha was from the beginning purely atheistic. The idea of the Godhead, after it had been degraded by endless mythological absurdities which struck and repelled the heart of Buddha, was, for a time at least, entirely expelled from the sanctuary of the human mind; and the highest morality that was ever taught before the rise of Christianity was taught by men with whom the gods had become mere phantoms, and who had no altars, not even an altar to the Unknown God.

It will be the object of my next lecture to show that the only scientific and truly genetic classification of religions is the same as the classification of languages, and that, particularly in the early history of the human intellect, there exists the most intimate relationship between language, religion, and nationality — a relationship quite independent of those physical elements, the blood, the skull, or the hair, on which ethnologists have attempted to found their classification of the human race.

COLUMBUS IN THE CALENDAR. — *The North German Correspondent* announces that "the beatification of CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, of which there was some talk a few years ago, seems now about to be carried through in good earnest." We are advised by an ancient sage to call no man happy before his death. COLUMBUS has been dead 365 years. Should his beatification be pronounced now, it will exemplify a customary pontifical extension of the old philosopher's rule to an extreme. Centuries generally elapse after the death of a Saint before he is enrolled amongst the beatified at Rome. "Call no man happy until long after his death" appears to be the papal maxim as touching beatification.

To the foregoing announcement is added the suggestion that little difficulty will probably occur in proving the one or two miracles which are *de rigueur* in all cases of the kind in question. One alone, we should think, will suffice in the case of COLUMBUS; and the discovery of America had the great advantage of being a fact.

Punch.

bitter pills, take us home to thyself." And this is one produced at a revival meeting: — "O Lord, stir dese yere sinners up right smart, and don't be as merciful as you generally is." And, finally, here is a fragment of Scriptural exposition. The preacher accidentally read a well-known verse, "My feet are as hen's feet," instead of "hind's feet." "You will observe, my breddren," he said, "dat a hen in the henroost, when it falls asleep, it tightens its grip so's not to fall off. And dat's how true faith, my breddren, holds on to de rock."

From Macrae's Americans at Home.

THE Admiralty has lost a man with a real genius for swindling. A clerk was dismissed in 1861 by the Duke of Somerset for misconduct, without a pension. Finding that pensions were to be commuted, this man applied for the commutation of his own. The clerks in the Admiralty Pension Office considered his application, calculated the price, and finally, after making every inquiry but one, sent him £2,233, with which he removed to America. The one question they took for granted, as he, knowing official ways, was sure they would, was his right to any pension at all. No clerk had been appointed to check that detail.

Spectator.

THE following is a specimen of a negro prayer: — "Lord, when we'se done chawin' all de harp bones, and when we'se done swallerin' all de

From Macmillan's Magazine.

FIFINE: A STORY OF MALINES.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

It is bright July weather — so intensely hot that even Madame Popot, salamander as she is, leans back from her washtub and cries out "Pouf!" and — like a flock of sheep following in slavish imitation the one adventurous mutton which leaps a gap in the hedge — Madame's three assistants cry out at the same moment "Pouf!" — "Ciel, que ça brule!" — "On étouffe!" and the shrill chorus mounts up like some heathen invocation to Phœbus.

But Madame Popot has four assistants, and the fourth is a young girl who still bends over her washtub, as if the heat in no way troubled her.

The cloud of steam hides the girl's face, so it is only now and then that you catch a glimpse of it, a vision of sweet blue eyes and shining hair, altogether of a lovely little maiden; but the maiden's face is sad, and gazing at her attentively you comprehend that the sorrow that brings tears stealing down her cheeks absorbs other feelings, and makes her by far the most industrious to-day among the assistants of the respectable Madame Popot.

And Madame Popot is very respectable. You only need step outside the archway and see where the wash-house is situated to be sure of this: you will find yourself on the quay of the principal canal of the quaint little Flemish town; and, my friend, let me tell you that such a situation is sought after, though it is not every one who could afford to pay the rent demanded for it. It is such a busy place. The quay is laden with casks and huge packages, with brilliant scarlet tiles and shining coal-heaps: you can hardly see the old-fashioned houses on the opposite quay, with their high-stepped gables and richly-carved stone fronts, for the masts and brown sails of the barges. The canal is choked with barges, glowing in the sunlight like rose-beetles, with green and crimson paint, each waiting its turn of unloading by the monster crane on the opposite quay, towering above the houses with its slated roof. The crane is so monstrous that as its unwieldy bulk comes swinging round, you fancy the town has taken to waltzing, and will presently come toppling over into the canal. The women in the barges, with huge gold horns in their caps, screech wildly as they unlade cargoes of red bricks and tiles; and mingled with this din is the crash of the timber and other commodities which the

crane lands in its clumsy fashion on the stone flags of the quay. Between the heat and the noise you find yourself driven again under the shadow of Madame Popot's archway.

Her sitting-room is on the right of the small yard within the archway. Not much to be seen in it except a small pale crippled woman crouched together in a chair, her eyes strained on the tower of the Cathedral, visible from the flower-screened window. It is worth while to pass through the second archway facing the first, though on your way you will again suffer from the steam of the wash-house on the right-hand side of the yard; but you had better go in, if only to look at La mère Jacqueline's flowers. Framed by the archway is the bleaching-green, with lines crossing from side to side, covered already with dazzling white, and here and there with blue and scarlet garments; in the brilliant light each colour outvies the other, till the eye gets dazzled by the rich enamel of green and scarlet, and blue and white, set in gorgeous sunshine; above rises in massive grandeur the tower of St. Rumbold. No wonder La mère Jacqueline's eyes rest on it with admiring pride. It stands a colossal hint to us housebuilders of the nineteenth century of the way in which pious souls in the so-called "dark ages" gave glory to God.

It is a quarter past two o'clock, and the chimes play a sweet mournful dirge. As it ends, the young girl with blue eyes and shining hair comes out of the wash-house, bearing a bucketful of freshly scalded linen. She is going to the river to soap it, and presently La grosse Margotin will come after her, and help her beat it in the fresh flowing water.

As the girl passes by the sitting-room door she nods to the crippled woman — "Au revoir, ma mère." And then she waits while La mère Jacqueline raises her feeble hand slowly to her lips.

"Au revoir, my child — à ce soir, Fifine," she says, in a soft weak voice.

The smile lingered on the crippled woman's lips even when Fifine's bright young face had gone out of sight.

Two years of helpless endurance had taught much patience to La mère Jacqueline. She had always been meek and gentle, but she had been singularly active, and as blithe as a bird.

Never so prosperous a laundress as her sister, Madame Popot; but till two years ago in a fair way of business at Louvain. Then a stroke of paralysis came and took away her power of working.

She would not ask assistance. For a

few months she struggled on; but Fifine at fourteen could not earn much, and ruin came to the happy little home.

Madame Popot heard by chance of her sister's trouble, and she went off at once to Louvain. She bustled about the poor little lodging, and finally brought mother and daughter home with her.

It was a hard trial for mother and daughter to be dependent. At first *La mère Jacqueline* had shed bitter tears as she looked at her useless hands and thought over Fifine's future. But comfort came to her. Fifine said her mother got it from gazing at the great tower of the Cathedral, and listening to the sweet music of the chimes. By degrees the sad weariness left *Jacqueline's* eyes and her cheerfulness returned; listen to her now, as she smiles after Fifine:—

"It is le bon Dieu who has laid this on me," she murmurs; "if I am only patient, good must come. Perhaps it is sent that I may not worry about Fifine. Ah, me! and I thought I could provide for her better than her Father in heaven could, my precious Fifine."

Fifine's smile has faded sooner than her mother's has. As soon as she is in the crowd and bustle of the quay her face clouds over. All the sunshine has departed from her bright young eyes and lips.

A group of men are resting while they unload a barge: they smile at Fifine, and one or two address a compliment to her, but she passes on. She is deaf and blind to-day to all but the thought that troubles her.

For she has heard Madame Popot whisper to *La grosse Margotin* that it is all settled, that Monsieur Dusecq is coming on Sunday to be presented to *la petite*.

"Oh, but it is too hard. I laughed this morning when Margotin said I was in haste to marry. I thought she joked, but I am only sixteen, and Monsieur is sixty. Margotin says so—and he is a stranger. I do not know if I like him or not."

Fifine leaves off crying. She has a spirit, although her blue eyes are so soft and lovely; and as she thinks of *La grosse Margotin* craning her long hideous throat so as to hear *la tante's* confidences, she could gladly dip her ugly head into her own washtub.

"I hate her," the girl says passionately. She does not think of extending her vengeance to Madame Popot.

La tante talks and scolds, and domineers, but she is good at heart, Fifine thinks, and then "what has she not done for *la pauvre chère mère*? Ah, yes, she is good."

II.

HALF-PAST two—three quarters—then three strokes from the great clock of the Cathedral, and each time the chimes play different music; some mournful, some sprightly, but none so plaintive as the little melody that rang out when Fifine went away.

Madame Popot has put out her last buck-
etful on the fresh green grass—she comes in panting with heat. Instead of going back to *La grosse Margotin* and the rest, she steps up the one step that raises the sitting-room above the level of the yard.

"Ah, ça, *La mère Jacqueline*, I have a fine bit of news for thee."

"For me?" A faint flush comes with the smile over the crippled woman's face.

"Yes—chut, chut." Fat, round Madame Popot looks over both shoulders to be sure the gossips of the washtub are safe at work, and then she stoops, as much as nature permits, over her little sister. "How wouldst thou like Fifine to have a home of her own, with place for thee and to spare?"

"Ah, no; how can that be?" Then the poor woman checks her eager delight: she fears it may seem ungrateful to sister Popot.

"But yes, yes, I say," and Madame nods her head repeatedly; for it has somehow got into the mind of the well-to-do laundress that because her sister has lost the power of movement, it is easier to her to comprehend pantomime than mere unassisted speech, and Madame Popot has in consequence adopted a fashion of nodding her head, stamping with her feet, and pointing with her fingers, which would make her a really useful assistant in a deaf and dumb asylum. She raises one fat finger impressively while she announces her news.

"*Jacqueline*, I have a husband for the little one. Monsieur Dusecq, the chef of the *Hôtel de Grue* has announced his pretensions to the hand of my niece *Josephine*."

Madame Popot's cheeks puff still larger and pinker with conscious triumph.

"Monsieur Dusecq!" the mother's faint voice trembled. "But *Elise*, Monsieur Dusecq must be old, too old for Fifine."

Madame Popot stamped both feet, shook her head, and wrung her hands, as if, like a clockwork toy, she had been wound up and set all agoing at once. She was not angry; she only wanted to signify annihilation to her sister's objection.

"Tab, tab, tab, my poor *Jacqueline*! And tell me then a little who that is young

and rich is likely to marry a beggar like Fifine? I do not mean to pain thee, my sister — but I do not save money, I spend all I earn. If I die first, what then will happen to thee and the poor child, who is too weak to work with a mistress who would consider her strength less than I do? Allons, Jacqueline, what are then a few years? To my taste a man at Monsieur Dusecq's age is charming; he is calm, equable, he has no youthful extravagances, and he knows how to treat a woman. He will worship Fifine, and make her as happy as a princess. Allons, let us have a little common sense in this matter."

Jacqueline sighed, but she saw the truth of Madame Popot's words. Fifine was but a child, and free from any attachment; how happy it would be to see her released from the need of hard work or pressing care for the rest of her life.

Before Madame Popot went back to the wash-house the mother had promised to aid Monsieur Dusecq's suit, and not to listen to any objections which Fifine might bring against him. And in making this promise the poor crippled woman thought only of her darling Fifine; she had grown too resigned to her own state to wish to change it. "Fifine is so good," she said to herself, "she cannot help being happy if she is loved; and Elise is much wiser and cleverer than I am."

Meantime Fifine had reached the end of the quay; here she turned to the right, and crossing the bridge over the canal, took her way to the *Porte des Capucins*, a quaint, square stone building, with an arched gateway in the middle and round towers at the angles, capped by black conical roofs, recalling the time when Spanish customs were universal in Flanders. At this gate the town made a sudden ending; there was no attempt at a suburb outside the walls, a row of lime-trees circled the dry moat, and under their shade Fifine walked slowly along, balancing her bucket on her shoulder.

About a quarter of a mile and she reached the river, with high sloping grassed banks backed by lime-trees. In two or three places there were flights of rough wooden steps reaching down into the water. Fifine went mechanically down the first of these, and kneeling on the lowest step, spread some of her linen on a board secured to the bottom of a post, and proceeded diligently to soap it. Margotin would come presently and help her beat it. She had taken two bits of wood out of her bucket ready to beat her work when a fish-line came tumbling into the water beside her. Fifine left off soaping, and glanced up the line. Looking

down on her were a pair of the darkest, brightest eyes she had ever seen. There was doubtless a face and a body also, but Fifine only saw the eyes, and the glance they gave her full of open intense admiration; she blushed, and her little fair head bent down over her work.

The river water was cool and fresh, but Fifine's hands felt on fire. The soap slipped from her fingers. Never had she found washing so tiresome as to-day. Finally, a shirt, the last left, escaped from her hands, and floated out into the river.

"Ciel!" cried Fifine, and then began to cry, for she knew how deep the water was, and how impossible it was for her to attempt to rescue the shirt.

It floated merrily on, making an acquaintance with water-weeds and some dragon-flies which were darting at sharp angles over the surface of the water, when suddenly the shirt came to a full stop.

"Ha! ha! ha!" in a ringing peal of laughter from the bank above, and Fifine looked up hopefully.

"Voilà, Mademoiselle;" and as the fisherman pulled in the line he had thrown so dexterously, Fifine saw to her joy that the shirt was coming along with it floating rapidly to her feet. She was so glad, so inexpressibly thankful, that she stood there like a dumb girl, only clapping her hands in mute ecstacy. She heard a little scramble on the bank above, and there was the fisherman close beside her, knee-deep in the water, while he carefully extricated his hook from the linen.

"Voilà, Mademoiselle," and he laughed joyously as he handed the shirt up to Fifine; "it has made a little voyage, that is all."

When she found the shirt in her hands again, Fifine's wits came back.

"Ah, Monsieur, thank you so very much; you do not know how glad you have made me, for la tante must have restored the value of this garment, and do we not already owe her too much. Ah, but, Monsieur, I can never thank you enough."

"Yes, yes, it is nothing;" but somehow the fisherman's tongue had grown embarrassed, he stood looking at Fifine, and Fifine stood blushing. She rolled the shirt up and let it unroll itself again. She had forgotten all about her washing.

"Ah ça, Fifine, where art thou then?" came in a shrill voice from the steps further up the river. It was the voice of La grosse Margotin.

Fifine started so suddenly that her companion caught her by the arm.

"Pardon, Mademoiselle," the young man

said, "I was afraid you would fall into the water."

Fifine looked up shyly.

"And if I had you would have fished me out with your hook, would you not?" and she laughed and blushed. "But I must go now, Monsieur; I have not thanked you much, but I am very grateful."

The fisherman had let go her arm, but the touch had restored his self-possession.

"Mademoiselle, I deserve no thanks, but if you think differently will you tell me your name?"

"Josephine le Duc, but they call me Fifine."

"I thank you, Mademoiselle Fifine," and before she could prevent him he had raised her bucket and was carrying it up to the bank.

He was at the top of the steps holding out his hand to help her when she came up them.

"You will let me say *au revoir*, will you not? You must come here to wash, and I must also fish; it is possible," he said simply, "you may again be glad of my fish-hook."

Fifine smiled. She felt strangely glad and happy; she forgot all about her aunt's whispers and Margotin's hints. It seemed to her that she had found a brave, strong friend to take care of her and of her mother, but she felt very shy again when she asked his name.

"Michel Van Oorst."

The sight of La grosse Margotin hurrying along the river-bank in search of her put a sudden end to Fifine's happiness.

"Bon jour, Monsieur," and then she made a little curtsy, and ran away with her bucket.

There had been no harm in talking to Monsieur — why, she had only thanked him, and yet Fifine felt heartily glad that the fat gossiping woman was still looking along the river-bank for her. Plainly she had passed overhead without glancing down the steep bank.

"Margotin, Margotin," she cried, and at last the great woman turned her ugly face over her shoulders.

"Alas!" she said, as Fifine came up to her, "where hast thou been hiding, little one? Wasting time, I'll be bound, the time for which thy good aunt pays thee."

Margotin shook her deep starched cap-frill at the little maiden. She was Madame Popot's forewoman, and she did not approve of poor relations: she considered they were best provided for in the Asyle, or the *Maison des Pauvres*.

III.

MONSIEUR DUSECQ stands before his small looking-glass, while he gives a finishing touch to his beard and whiskers. He is not wanting in good looks of a pippin-faced description. His head is so round and hard-looking, that one fancies it might serve as a cannon-ball; his small bright eyes twinkle with intelligence, and he is proud of his Roman nose. He is best with his hat on, for though his beard and monstaches are fairly luxuriant, the hair has deserted the top of his head for his chin; and he has not much more than one sees on a baby a fortnight old. Still, if he had been six inches taller, and had not walked with his legs quite so wide apart, Monsieur Dusecq would, undoubtedly, have had an imposing presence; and as his looking-glass was too small to reflect more than half his face at once he perhaps estimated his general effect by the size of his nose, and felt majestic.

He had taken extra pains with himself on this Sunday, and he smiled as he crossed the Grande Place, on his way to Madame Popot's.

As he went over the bridge leading to the quay, Monsieur Dusecq looked troubled, stopped, and took a pinch of snuff; thereupon he sneezed, and blessed himself devoutly.

"A good omen," he said, and his face cleared again into its usual broad inexpressiveness. "I was just asking myself why I, Alphonse Théophile Dusecq, should trouble myself to take a wife, just because I have been charmed with the face of a fresh young girl; but this is a good omen, and besides, I am expected. Allons, it is too late to draw back now."

Madame Popot stood in the archway waiting for him, and there was scarcely room for the elaborate bows and curtsy of the round comfortable pair.

They found La mère Jacqueline sitting up in her chair, her head almost out of sight in one of Madame's lace caps. She looked very pale and nervous at the sight of Monsieur Dusecq.

Fifine came in presently, very fair and pretty in her starched pink frock, but she kept her eyes on the ground, and did not speak.

"Monsieur Dusecq," Madame Popot spoke slowly, and with dignity, "this is my niece, Josephine le Duc. Josephine, I have the honour to present you to Monsieur Dusecq."

She took Fifine's hand, and placed it in that of the chef. Monsieur bent solemnly

over it, and touched it with his bearded lips. Almost unconsciously Fifine drew her hand away, and rubbed it against her pink skirt.

"Nasty old man, I hate him!" and tears of anger came into her pretty blue eyes. At that moment the remembrance of the young fisherman was very present to Fifine.

Monsieur Dusecq did not stay long, he thought it would be unwise; and as Fifine did not offer her hand when he went away, he contented himself with a most profound bow over the hat clasped between his hands.

Fifine did not look at her mother while Madame Popot went to the entrance with the visitor. There was silence in the little room till the aunt came back.

"Ah, my little jewel! It is then arranged, and now we have only to see about the wedding clothes."

Tears of satisfaction stood in the good fat woman's eyes, and she hugged the young girl closely. "Go to thy mother, little one, and let her too wish thee joy."

Fifine went silently up to her mother, and knelt down before her, while la mère Jacqueline kissed her forehead. There was a set grave look in the girl's face but no sorrow. She seemed far more composed than the poor crippled woman, whose face twitched uneasily, and a painful flush rose on her cheeks.

"I am going to the Cathedral, my mother," said Fifine: "Monsieur le Curé gives a sermon at eight o'clock," and she went away.

"Elise," said the faint sweet voice of the cripple, "he is too old—we are asking too much of the child."

IV.

It had grown dusk by the time Fifine was ready to start, for she did not put on her cloak with its black falling hood as soon as she reached her bedroom. She shared this room with her mother, so that she rarely knew the luxury of being alone in it. And till this last week Fifine had never wished to be alone; she had shared every thought with her darling suffering mother. But that happy time was over. She fell against the bed and cried bitterly. "What can I do?" sobbed the poor child: "when my mother said I should be happy with this man, I said, 'Yes, I am willing,' for I saw she wished me to say so; but oh, he is not a man—he is an ogre, an ugly little monster, whom I detest."

Her slender body quivered with disgust and dread—she felt helpless—she had promised her mother, and how could she

unsay her words—how could she offend La tante Popot?

Three-quarters past seven went the chimes, and Fifine started up; she washed her swollen disfigured face—for even so pretty a face as Fifine's is spoiled by tears—smoothed her rich hair back into its natural waves, pulled the hood of her cloak down to her eyes, and set out for the Cathedral.

Try as she would, Fifine could not help comparing Monsieur Dusecq with the young fisherman, Michel Van Oorst. She had seen him again yesterday and the day before, and her cheeks flush red under her hood, as she thinks over their meetings. They did not say much, but how sweet it had been to stand under the lime-trees, and feel that Michel was looking down at her, with his beautiful dark eyes. He was so tall and strong, and yet he spoke so gently.

"The world is so unjust," said poor Fifine, as she hurried along; "why is Michel only a poor fisherman? and why is that hateful old man rich?"

When she reached the Cathedral, she found it in darkness, but she knew the service was to be in the chapel of Our Lady, just behind the high altar, and she groped her way there. She found a few old women sitting and kneeling on some chairs placed round a small pulpit. Fifine knelt on the stones before the altar, almost prostrating herself in her grief and despair. She heard some clanking footsteps, but she did not look round, and when Monsieur le Curé appeared at the foot of the altar, everybody knelt down too.

It was a very simple service in Flemish, with a prayer or so in Latin, and then the priest bade his listeners search out the sins of the past day while he kept silence. Poor Fifine's heart beat tumultuously in the awful darkling silence, for no lamp was lighted.

The service was ended, the sacristan mounted into the pulpit, and lighted a solitary tallow candle. He came down again, and the priest took his place.

"My children," said the Curé, "I am going to talk to you of happiness." A strong sob broke from Fifine, she had come to church for help in her misery, and oh, what torment to hear of happiness, which she was never to know any more!

In the silent vast darkness the sob echoed strangely; a young man who sat near looked hard at Fifine, and the preacher came to a full stop.

"My children," his voice was very tender now, "it is possible that some among you

do not know in what happiness consists. I am going to instruct you. If we seek for happiness, as happiness only, we shall never grasp it, it will lead us on in a vain pursuit, as the butterfly leads the child; and if, indeed, at last we grasp that which we fancied such a prize, what is it? It is like that same butterfly crushed in the hand — its beauty and its lustre have departed. But stay, my children, do not go away with the notion that happiness does not exist; happiness will come to those who do not seek it — it will come in the paths of duty and self-sacrifice; tread them with courage and perseverance, I beseech you, and the sharp flints of the road shall turn to roses beneath your feet. Fix your eyes on the Great Example of self-sacrifice — your dear Lord, Who suffered that you might enjoy all the bliss of heaven. Nail every selfish wish, every proud self-pleasing thought, to the cross, and you shall find peace in its everlasting arms."

Fifine did not hear any more, her sobs ceased, she hid her face between her hands and prayed. She had come to the Cathedral for help, and it was sent to her; if she sacrificed herself for the sake of her mother, then she must be happy. Ah! but this was doing what Monsieur le Curé had said was not to be done. She must do her duty simply without regard to what might happen afterwards, and who knew? She might not live long, and then Monsieur Dusecq would always be good to her mother. A sudden scraping of the chairs as they were turned round, and there was everybody kneeling for the priest's blessing.

Monsieur le Curé gave it, then he blew out the candle, and the Cathedral was once more in darkness — inky black now.

Fifine followed the old woman who had been sitting beside her, but as she dipped her fingers in the holy water stoup, she felt that some one pushed forward to do it at the same moment. She was soon clear of the little group of worshippers, and then she found that a tall man was walking beside her, matching his pace to hers.

She could not see his face, for there was only one lamp at the farthest corner of the street; but she was not frightened, she knew it could only be Michel.

"Mademoiselle Fifine," he whispered, "what is it that troubles you? Has any one been vexing you? Tell me, and they shall never vex you again."

Fifine had forgotten Monsieur Dusecq; her heart swelled with happy triumph. The brave fellow! what was he not ready to do for her sake? And then a sudden

thrill made the swelling heart collapse with a sigh of pain.

"Thank you," she said, trying vainly to steady her voice, "you are very kind, but you cannot help me."

A deadly chill crept over her; if she could only have died just now on her knees in the Cathedral!

"I can, I must!" the young man spoke firmly. "Fifine, I came to church to-night because my heart told me you would be there. I could not sleep last night — I felt that I could not live unless I told you I love you! And you will love me, will you not, my angel?"

They were alone in the dark silent street, and he clasped his arms round her. Fifine drew herself away trembling violently.

"Ah no, you must not — I must not talk to you at all; I am promised, I shall soon be married."

"Promised—married!" they had reached the end of the street; he caught her arms and drew her under the lamp — "ah, Fifine, you who look so innocent, so truthful, why did you not say this yesterday? Why did you give me hope?"

"Oh, let me go, let me go," sobbed the poor child; "I did not know — I was not promised yesterday."

But Michel would not let her go. His anger came in a tempest that hindered words. He did not believe her — he would not.

This girl, with the innocent face and childlike ways — this girl, who seemed to him so pure and guileless, that in the daylight he had shrunk from telling his love for her — had then come down to the river-side to amuse herself and to lead him on, while she was promised to some richer lover.

He spoke at last roughly: "What is this? What treachery is this? It is impossible!"

Just now Fifine had longed to flee away and get anywhere from the temptation of Michel's presence, but she could not leave him in anger against her.

"Michel," she had never called him so before, and the word thrilled across the young man's sternness, "won't you be calm, won't you listen a moment? Why are you so cruel when I am so miserable?"

She broke down here, her sobs came fast and choked her; but they did not move Michel as they had moved him in the church. He let go her arms.

"I can listen, but, Mademoiselle, if you are promised to some one else it is not well that you should be seen talking to me."

The blood flew up in Fifine's forehead.

Was it possible that Michel could love her, and yet speak such cold insulting words?

"I love him too much to be angry," thought the poor child; "and who knows if I shall ever speak to him after to-night? If it is a sin to love him, then it is better to die, for it is a sin I cannot conquer."

"I must talk to you, I will not let you go till you see I am not false."

He bent down and looked at her: her hood had fallen back, the light fell on her golden head and her soft blue eyes swimming with tears, but they were full of earnestness too; and again the strong power of his love sent Michel almost distracted.

"Ah, Fifine, if you teach me to believe in you, it makes it harder to give you up."

Poor little Fifine! her lover's words seemed to offer her a new means of self-sacrifice — she stood thinking.

"It must always be right to tell the truth," she said, simply, "let what will come. I did know something, that first day I met you down at the river, Michel, but I did not love you then."

The young man's heart gave a bound at these words: he drew nearer to Fifine.

"I had heard my aunt whisper with her women about me and about — about Monsieur Dusecq." Michel moved away. "Then I heard nothing more — no one spoke to me except La grosse Margotin, and she is a chatterbox," said the poor child with sudden petulance, "and I saw you again, and I forgot everything."

Michel caught her two hands and kissed them passionately, then with a sudden impulse he kissed her lips.

Fifine looked sad. "Ah no, you must not, you make me see I am wrong in telling this to you; but how can I know what I ought to do? I cannot ask my mother. I dare not tell her. I have promised to her that I will marry this horrible man, and yet it is only she who can tell me what is right to do."

Fifine pulled her hands away and hid her face; it seemed to her that her heart was breaking, and yet she dared not vent her misery to Michel. She feared to make him more violent than he was already. Love is the most rapid of all teachers. Already this poor little ignorant Flemish maiden knew, as by instinct, that if Michel were urged on he was capable of some desperate action.

"Your mother cannot tell you what is right. She must be a wicked woman to make you promise to marry a man you dislike. Such a promise counts for nothing, Fifine."

He spoke in a strange hoarse voice, and

the girl shrank away to the edge of the pavement.

"My mother is not wicked. It seems to me now that I was wicked to promise, but I do not know. Did you not hear, Michel, what Monsieur le Curé said about self-sacrifice? — no, no, do not talk, listen: only this afternoon my mother told me she wished me to marry. She said, if anything happened to La tante Popot, I should be left in this world without a friend."

"And you could promise to give yourself to a man you do not love for the sake of food and clothes, fine clothes no doubt? It is always so." Michel ground his teeth savagely.

She shook her head sadly, it seemed to the little girl at that moment that she was older than the tall strong man beside her: all her youth felt chilled by this dreadful doom of separation, and while she stood there looking up at Michel the warm tide of feeling came back, and she longed to be in his arms again, close to his throbbing heart. Its hard fierce beating had frightened her — it had been such a new strange sensation. She had panted to be set free, but now it seemed to Fifine that if she belonged to Michel no one could dispute his right to her. Not M. Dusecq or her aunt or — and with the thought of her mother a sharp revulsion came to the delicious tide of passion. Michel could never have a right to her if she chose him in disobedience to her mother. The struggle which has taken minutes in telling was soon over. Her eyes drooped, and she pulled the black hood again over her little fair head.

"You do not yet understand," she said. "I know now I ought not to have promised — but, Michel, I thought only of my mother — if you could know my mother! and she is crippled, helpless, and never complains. What am I in comparison that I should choose my own happiness and leave her to starve? And stop," for he tried to interrupt her, "you had not said you loved me — it was very hard to promise, but I only thought it was hard for me. I never thought you could have so much love for a little thing like me."

"Had you ever seen this man till to-day?" Michel's voice was again hard and suspicious — Fifine shook her head. "Well, then, I tell you you are deceiving yourself," he said bitterly; "if you had found this man young and handsome instead of a gross little monster, you would have accepted him with joy, and if you had come to church to-night it would have been to offer up thanksgiving, not to pour out your sorrow."

Fifine raised her head and looked up at

her lover. The tears had dried, the blue eyes were bright and fearless now.

"My love is truer than yours, Michel. I could not doubt you. I am very ignorant and foolish, but it seems to me I must keep my promise; but oh, Michel, indeed I will never love M. Dusecq, I will only love you!"

A wild joy shone in Michel's eyes, and then he looked sad again. "My child, my darling, you must not marry him; that would lead us both into sin, Fifine. You must go home now, but first you must promise to keep yourself only for me—if your mother is like you, my angel, she will be satisfied with the home I can give her."

Once more he clasped Fifine in his arms, but this time there was far more of deep tenderness in his heart.

"You promise," he whispered, so fondly, and the girl trembled and sobbed in his arms. Only for an instant.

"I dare not promise," she answered: "let us both pray that this marriage may not be accomplished." She slipped down on her knees, still holding his hand; Michel hesitated, and then he knelt beside her to the gaily-painted shrine overhead. After a few moments they rose up, gave each other one long, clinging kiss, and parted.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDRE VI-
NET.)*

"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." — HEB.
xii. 6.

"Pourquoi reprendre."

WHY take away,

O Father, say,

The gift Thy tender love had given?

Why give at all,

If Thou recall

At once the treasured boon to heaven?
Speak, gracious Lord! Thy ways my heart ap-
pal,

My heart so weak, with sorrow riven!

Thou speakest, Lord;

And as a sword

The piercing of Thy voice I hear:

And in clear tones

My conscience owns

The justice of thy stroke severe:
Myself thou seekest: in Thy darkest frowns
The pleadings of Thy love appear.

The same art Thou

Whether Thou sow,

Or watchful come Thy fruits to reap:

To bless my store,

Or make me poor,

In equal love Thou workest deep:
Startling my soul with righteous chastening sore
When careless on Thy care I sleep.

Our living Head

Himself "was dead;"

We follow Him, and we must die:

Death? nay, 'tis birth,

Ev'n here on earth

To lay the rags of nature by,
And one with Christ, and dead to sin, go forth
New-clad in light and liberty.

* Written in 1928, after the death of his daughter.

To babblings vain

Of lips profane,

To vaunted light which is not Thine,

To any life

With Thine at strife

Now let me die, O King Divine!

Faithful Thy wounds though keen the praning-
knife,

By them new life and health are mine.

To cleanse my soul,

To make it whole,

My Father, smite, and do not spare:

Doth gold require

Refining fire,

And shall not faith the furnace share?

Yea, though Thou dash to shreds my heart's
desire,

Great Sculptor, I Thy strokes will bear!

Then take Thy way!

It might not stay,

That boon Thy tender love had given:

All-wise in all!

Though Thou recall

Thy gift, 'tis love my heart hath riven.

No longer Thy dark ways my heart appal,
I read them in the light of Heaven.

Sunday Magazine.

EL DEMOIO ME LLEVE.

A GENTLEMAN TO A LADY.

(From the Spanish.)

You call me Devil! "Yes, you do;

And thus a pretty figure make me.

I understand you now when you

So loudly cry, "The Devil take me."

JOHN BOWRING.

The Athenæum.

From The Saturday Review.
FAMILY DIFFERENCES.

PERHAPS on the whole we have more cause to wonder at the infrequency of conspicuous family disunion than at its existence in the degree which experience shows us. Nothing so convinces us of the strength of the tie of consanguinity as the tugs we see it bear. We are oftener surprised at what people will put up with from one another under the bond of relationship, how they will bear with the unbearable, how the black sheep holds his ground, than at breaches and scandals when they do occur. We constantly see persons endured by their families who are unendurable to everybody else, and who certainly do not secure this toleration by any pains on their part, by being any pleasanter at home than they are abroad. A bad temper expands, grows, expatiates in the family circle, and all bow to it. A brutal brother lords it over the women of the house. An odious woman embitters the life of her parents and spoils the prospects of her amiable sisters. Self-conceit puffs and swells in an inverse ratio to success and desert; selfishness in its lowest and most offensive form is submitted to, and by submission fostered, which, indulged elsewhere, would condemn a man to absolute isolation. The general reflection in the Saurin case was that family life is a stricter school of patience and forbearance than the so-called religious life, that home teaches people to put up with the trial of a disturbing uncongenial element in a spirit more submissive than that of the cloister, that the natural tie achieves greater triumphs of self-sacrifice on this head than the spiritual, for all its professions of self-abnegation.

The truth is that custom in such matters is the only trainer. People bear with one another in semi-consciousness. In the family nobody measures claims by desert. Natural affection is a quality to be drawn upon to any extent. Those who tax it most severely assume it to be inexhaustible and have a pleasure in testing its powers; and in this way persons of credit and usefulness may acquire a tone in the family which out of it they know would produce disgust and estrangement. They are petulant and overbearing without knowing it. A good deal of the brutality and bullying noticed by outsiders passes for a backhanded form of affection with its victims — and indeed on both sides; and the habit may have been acquired without malicious intent for want of a timely snub. When Mrs. Thorpe in *Northanger Abbey* is greeted by her son with the insolent question, "Where did you

get that quiz of a hat that makes you look like an old witch?" his address, we are told, seemed to satisfy all the fondest wishes of the mother's heart. But bystanders know that women who put up with this sort of thing from their sons will have to put up with worse. Very few people are students of character at home; only bitter experience opens men's eyes to the combination of qualities and motives to be found in the people they are born and bred amongst. Actors and sufferers alike live in the dark till change and separation throw in their terrible illumination.

We are now concerned, however, rather with family differences where they do exist. And here we must admire the all-embracing character of the term by which society chooses to express domestic schism — one alike applicable to the mildest, best-mannered separation of interests, and to the outrageous excesses of vulgar recrimination. There are members of families who disagree in the manner of a rustic quarrelsome after his cups, who in some dialects is described as "disposed to differ" when he runs a-muck at all his acquaintances, and gets locked up and fined for his liberty of speech. "I saw him coming," says a quiet neighbour, "and knew he would seek to differ with somebody, so I crossed over the way." There are more decent and decorous quarrellers, who differ in the style of the Misses Spenlow in *David Copperfield*, who, having been invited to tea on the occasion of Dora's christening when they considered themselves entitled to be invited to dinner, expressed their opinion in writing that it was better for the happiness of all parties that they should stay away, since which time they had gone their road and their brother had gone his. We believe it is these mild differences that last longest. A violent quarrel suggests reconciliation as its natural conclusion. There is something stimulating in the whole process, and if the parties themselves hold back, there are friends to interfere, and to represent the scandal, and to appeal to feelings and conscience. Quiet and silent differences are chronic; they have never come to a head, and generally represent some deep-seated variance. Families wrangle, and get from bad to worse, because they have tempers; they separate, after the manner of Dora's aunts, because they don't care for one another the instant custom relaxes its hold. We see in near relations a lifelong estrangement following some trivial neglect or slight clash of interests which did not at the time seem to stir any one very deeply. Each side, indeed, professes not to know the rea-

son; but their friends perceive that such spring as there ever was is worn out. There is nothing to draw them together again. When once such people have learned to do without one another a small difference goes a long way.

And this may happen where there has been unanimity so long as there was daily intercourse and identity of interests. There is a sort of good-nature, very helpful in oiling the wheels of every-day life, which disappoints us under new aspects. These easy people must needs be on good terms with those about them; they are gifted with a bodily activity which makes constant movement and the rendering of small services no trouble. To labour for little successes and for the general approval is an instinct with them. Life must be bright and they must be a centre of it. But the present is everything; distance and absence are an absolute Lethé to persons of this temperament. And if the absent at all interferes with the present they grow into bores, with whom it is convenient to set up a tacit misunderstanding. A vast deal of resentment and soreness is expended on these traitors to old association which a keener perception would moderate; the truth is, they are simply not amenable to its influence. Such people separate from their past because it is not in their nature to keep hold of it; nothing hinders their consulting convenience. Warmer tempers quarrel as a luxury. A periodical explosion is necessary to some persons to enable them to realize the depth of their regard to their belongings. They profess to speak their mind on moral grounds, but experience shows only one issue of these disburdenments — after the wrangle a gushing reconciliation. There are families where cat-and-dog life is the normal state, the members of which defy or insult one another in set terms. A tyrannical old father and sons of the same kidney get up storms of rage, contradiction, defiance. The unlucky listener supposes himself to be a witness of some unparalleled crisis, when suddenly all calms down into good fellowship, and he learns that, however keenly alive the Orsons are to each other's defects, they are mutually conscious of a generic superiority of the Orson family collectively to the rest of the world. Along with a boisterous, brawling self-assertion there is also a craving for communion of soul which none but Orsons can satisfy. Their minds must unbend themselves in concert; they can't with anybody else nestle into the same snug posture of mind and memory. They survey the outer world with the same eyes. Clans of this sort we shall find now and then

agreed to discard one of their number. One member of a family otherwise complacent over its collective virtues is treated as a changeling, ostracized, banished for no reason that other people can understand, to whom he seems to embody the family qualities. But no doubt some mysterious ingredient is wanting.

Family differences, however, have generally a more common-place origin, and arise from, and depend for their finality on, self-interest. A great philanthropist living among good people once said that he knew no family that had not sooner or later quarrelled about money. And though this does not meet with an immediate response in everybody's experience, we believe that a close scrutiny into the motives of family quarrels will confirm it as a general fact. The irritant cause need bear no relation either to the fortune of the disputants or to their seeming value for money. Habits of profusion do not stand in the way of a jealous assertion of trifling rights, or of a one-sided view of those rights. A small sum that we have missed, and that we think ought to have been ours, is made to play so many parts, to satisfy so many demands on our purse, to be by turns the exact equivalent of so many little indulgences, that to the most moderate imagination it multiplies itself till it is small no longer. We are wont to attribute the excitement and exasperation witnessed at a funeral among the poor over the distribution of a few shillings or miserable articles of furniture to the sordid influences of poverty. We are not so alive to the subtle effect that a possible legacy or trivial reversion may have on one accustomed to large expense; how failure may disappoint, how expectation may unconsciously modify manner. A man who has anything to leave is treated with more respect by his richest relations for his twopenny-halfpenny possessions than the humble annuitant. "Differences between relations," says Mr. Dickens's oracular proctor, "are much to be deplored, but they are extremely general, and the great thing is to be on the right side." "Meaning, I take it," adds the narrator, "on the side of the moneyed interest;" and this consideration is potent all the world over, suggesting with whom it is safe to quarrel, with whom it is expedient to be in peace and amity.

Middle life is perhaps the most eligible period for estrangements of this sort, as they come most naturally to it. Busy men need only one set of interests, and those present ones. The thought of a family quarrel brings no pang with it; they can afford to differ with their remoter belongings

if it suits either their temper or their interest. But it is often observed that relations become a desideratum in old age. People are sometimes reduced at that period to the state of mind of Prince Prettyman, who would rather be a fisherman's son than have no father at all. Even the brother or son who has married beneath him, the humble cousin or the scouted nephew or niece, is something between receding life and failing hold of this visible world—a sort of prop and stay under the blank sense of parting. Rogers, in losing his elder brother, lamented him as the only person in the world in whose eyes he always appeared young. And it is only with relations that the scent and flavour of youth can be revived in old age, or the suddenly absorbing association of fifty or sixty years ago be tolerated as the staple of conversation. It is when people are old and desolate, with nobody about them whose duty it is to care for them, that the explanatory formula “not on terms with his family,” conveys the idea of retribution for bygone indulgence of ill-temper, selfishness, and the ugly brood of discord.

We do not think people are ever intellectual gainers by the stimulus of domestic disagreement, though it induces an intense desire for victory in dispute, and sharpens the tongue. As nobody is ever, so far as we can judge, the better for a bad husband or a bad wife, and trials through this medium seem above human nature to profit by, so a wrangling home gives a twist to the perceptive faculties, while it damages the temper. The study of character is a calm science not to be pursued under personal irritation. If De Quincey had written a novel, it would have been tinctured, and his pictures of life distorted, by allusions to the mother who did not appreciate him, and the elderly brother who bullied him, carefully adapting his insults to the level of the meanest capacity, “the most excruciatingly mean of capacities.” The novelists who excel in delineation of character have had, as far as we see, united homes. Scott's was a happy one; Miss Brontë and her two sisters were all in all to one another, and amiable and blind to each other's peculiarities and failings; and of Jane Austen's family circle we are told that “they were never troubled by disagreements, even in little matters, for it was not their habit to dispute or argue with each other.”

From The Spectator.

VOYAGE OF AN ORLEANIST PRINCE.*

THIS lively, vigorous book of travels may be considered as the best plea for the Princes of the House of Orleans which has been made for many a day, and its rapid success—four editions in about as many months,—may be taken as partly due to this source of interest, though the work itself well deserves its popularity. It was on the 9th of April, 1866, immediately after the funeral of the ex-Queen of the French, that one of her grandsons, the Duc de Penthièvre (son of the Prince de Joinville), set out in a sailing-vessel to go round the world. He was accompanied by a youthful friend, a lad of twenty, the Comte de Beauvoir, the Duc's comrade from infancy; and the two were under the guardianship of Lieutenant Fauvel, who had never left the young scion of Orleans during the six years of his service in the United States' Navy.

The journal of their travels was kept by De Beauvoir. The first volume concerns our Australian colonies; the second treats of Siam, China, and Japan, from whence the young men struck straight across the Pacific to Darien, and so home. Within twenty days of landing they had the grief to lose Lieutenant Fauvel, who died of a fever caught in the tropics. De Beauvoir took the body home to France, whence the Duc de Penthièvre is excluded by his lineage; and two years later the journal of the expedition was arranged for the press, with good maps and several illustrations taken from photographs.

It is an extraordinarily living book, written with the tireless vivacity of youth, but also full of observation. The Comte de Beauvoir at twenty was a very wise child, and it is more than presumable, by all he tells us, that the Duc de Penthièvre and his cousins are young people of equal value, such as would have rejoiced the heart of Madame de Genlis, who brought up their grandfather and great-uncles on all the most approved educational theories of the latter end of the eighteenth century. In that same spring of 1866 the Duc d'Alençon, acting as a Lieutenant in the Spanish Army, left Europe on what the Comte de Beauvoir calls “the glorious expedition of the Philippine Isles,” and the Prince de Condé started for India and Australia, whence he was never to return.

It was from the unromantic port of Gravesend that the Duc and the Comte set

* *Voyage autour du Monde*. Par le Comte de Beauvoir. Henri Plor. 4me Edition. Paris. 1870.

sail in the Omar-Pacha, and they were beaten about the Channel for a week, not sighting the Peak of Teneriffe until the 1st of May. The description of the voyage, though such an oft-told-tale, is given with singular picturesqueness, and justifies the young men's predilection for the open sea in a sailing vessel, instead of travelling by the Suez mail, "on which one is treated like a trunk." The Omar-Pacha was, moreover, a good and fleet vessel; she "ran a steeplechase" against four other ships from Melbourne to London, and did it in 70 days, while some of her rivals took 111. Only the cuisine jarred on the young Frenchmen's palates. The soup, says the Comte, was of water and pepper, and the sauces were of pepper-and-water combined, while much cod fish in the morning and more for dinner, was relieved by occasional herrings, and liquid worthy of an aquarium! They carried a cow for the pleasure of looking at her, and drank preserved milk; but they ate up ten sheep, from their heads to their tails. At twenty years of age, however, even French stomachs are accommodating; nevertheless, once at Melbourne, after a voyage of 88 days, "oh! how nice were those fresh vegetables!"

With Melbourne the young men were immensely struck. The great wide streets, the theatres, club-houses, and files of cabs filled them with astonishment. It is a lesser London, on that savage soil, where thirty years ago hardly a squatter planted his hut. Even the "irreproachably-dressed policeman" is there! And the Comte pounces down on his familiar figure as the very type of the Anglo-Saxon self-governing colonization.

Of course a Duc of the oldest house in Europe, and a Comte who has been his dear chum from childhood, do not land at Melbourne without causing some excitement; and while they are eating their first dinner of fresh vegetables, the Melbourne Club sends them a huge envelope on a huge plate; it contains their title of honorary membership. A still larger envelope follows the first; it enfolds free pass-tickets for all the railway lines, and is followed by a shower of private cards from all the notables and functionaries of the town. These are succeeded by evening editions of all the newspapers, announcing the advent of the distinguished visitors, who are further serenaded by music beneath the windows of the hotel. So the young men are to have the heartiest of welcomes in our England across the water, and will, moreover, see everything that is to be seen under the best and most intelligent auspices. And

see they do, — museums, libraries, and prisons, Parliament houses, and hunts. They noticed especially the Industrial Library at Melbourne, where 400 men sat reading in their working dress; and the Museum of Natural History, where is a collection of Australian mammals, ranging from the kangaroo of 8 feet high to the lilliputian rat, but all alike in this, that they carry their young in a pouch. "Fancy," says the Comte, "fancy at least forty different sorts of creatures, furry-coated, four-legged, but galloping on their hind paws, with — not their hands, but — their offspring in their pockets!"

From Melbourne the travellers went to Ballarat, saw the diggings, and give a long description of their rise and progress. They then visited Tasmania and Sydney, and the young Comte gives the shrewdest, the most lively comparative view of the three colonial centres, of which the freshness is due to his foreign eyes and his foreign tongue. Melbourne is the city of progress. Hobart Town resembles the old "county town" in England, with whose attributes he seems quite familiar. Not only the laws, but the social conditions of Tasmania, are infinitely more aristocratic. In Tasmania you travel by the traditional English mail coach, bowling across the island from north to south on a fine road; and here, if you are of noble blood, you are received and fêted in fine old European style, but with a certain sobriety. Sydney, almost tropical in its climate and vegetation, — the land of flowers, where you may ride for miles over an enamelled carpet of blossoms, and where the Gothic palace of the Governor looks down upon the lovely bay, — received the young Frenchmen with garden *fetes* and military music, and fair ladies wandering from lawn to lawn in costumes fresh from Paris. It was to the traveller the type of what the French are fond of calling "high life," an expression they have naturalized as we do many of their words. From Sydney the young men took horse and rode to Botany Bay, the lonely waters where La Pérouse met the squadron of Governor Philipp in 1788. Here they found the tomb of Père Receveur, a priest who acted as physician to La Pérouse's expedition; and a monumental column to the ill-fated French commander, who sailed away after brief intercourse with the English ships, and never was heard of more.

From this England across the seas, and from the social problems in which the young Comte takes the most ardent and intelligent interest, he carries his readers into another world indeed! He and his Prince

get passages on board the *Hero*, a Government vessel going to Java to open up commercial communications between our Australian colonies and the Dutch possessions, and though the navigation of the coral seas between the two is reported exceedingly dangerous, they do not hesitate to take this route instead of the ordinary China mail; and so, not without peril, they find themselves on the 10th of November coasting the interminable sides of Java, and surrounded by shouting, fighting Malays, dressed in all the colours of the rainbow, guiding *pirogues* laden with fruit and vegetables, — "a scene full of Indian splendour and the brilliant beauty of the East.

In to what sounds the very unpoetical subject of the Dutch possessions in Java, the young traveller throws the brilliant electric light of his own imagination, which teaches him what to see; and he shows us the wealthy Mynheer van Dunk stalking in ample white garments through the rose-coloured crowds and palm-shaded streets of Batavia. Mynheer is smoking a cigar a foot long, and is shaded by a huge parasol, which is not merely a convenience, but an emblem of dignity. The bigger the functionary, the bigger and grander his parasol.

In the interior of Java are several small native rulers or Sultans; and these personages, though really under the entire control of the Dutch, inasmuch that their letters are carried to the Residency for examination before being delivered at the Palace, keep up all the externals of the most profuse Oriental luxury. Their courts are a blended confusion of rich colours, notably rose colour, scarlet, and blue, and of sandal wood, gold, and diamonds. Sultan Sousouhouan IX. is only twenty-eight years old, he is of elegant figure, his complexion a pale green, his eyes large and haggard, with great painted eyebrows. This young man, whose petticoat and vest must have made him look like a tropical parrot, was surrounded by 300 cousins and nephews, and 4,000 great lords and officers, *on all fours!* He had been married at twelve years of age, and his thirty-third son, a howling baby of a day old, was brought in to be shown to the French visitors. This, in fact, was the child of the Grand Sultana, and was destined to pass over the heads of his thirty-two brothers, and to inherit his father's throne. As to the little sisters, they were forty-eight in number, and dressed in diamonds!

For the more serious details of the colonization of Java we must refer our readers to the book. Nothing escapes the indefatigable, wise child who writes it. All about

coffee and sugar, and the railway for their transport, which won't get made because the Dutch functionaries think they will somehow lose by the transaction; all about the enormous profits pouring into the treasury of the King of Holland, all about the decrease of the native population, and the extinction of the once flourishing and beautiful native art, may be found in these pages. The end of the second volume just leaves the travellers in China. The third volume, on China and Japan, with the homeward voyage, is *sous presse*. We must, however, notice the introduction to Canton. In the first evening walk which the Duc and the Comte took outside the walls, they found *seven abandoned babies*, some purposely wounded, all blue and perishing with cold. The Comte tells us that when at home in France he had never believed the missionary stories about this frightful custom. He thought they were mere pious exaggerations of occasional cases of infanticide. But after what he saw in that one evening's walk, he can entirely believe the statement of the French bishop that more than 4,000 babies, the greater number of them girls, had been picked up by the sisters of charity (who go out daily with a great basket) in the course of one year. It is needless to say that most of these poor little things are too far gone to be saved. Think of it, ye English mothers, with your nice warm cradles and careful chafing of the little toes! Who shall say how mighty a change in the world's ways and thoughts was wrought by the one word of "Suffer little children to come unto Me?"

Here we must leave the Duc and the Comte, looking out with interest for the third volume, and predicting for it as cordial a welcome as for the other two.

From The Economist.

THE LATE LORD CLARENDON.

THE late Lord Clarendon belonged to a very small and very remarkable class of peers. There are many peers, as the lawyers, who have no birth, but who worked hard in their youth; and there are also many who have the highest birth, and have never worked the least. There are many who have earned rank, and many who have inherited rank. But it is rare to find a peer who inherits his rank and yet who has known what it is to earn his bread. Of the eminent peers there is perhaps hardly more than one now living of whom this is true.

Lord Salisbury has indeed a right to feel that circumstances cannot ruin him, that a revolution may come, that the House of Lords may perish, that estates may be confiscated, but that his abilities as a popular writer will earn him money as they did before. Though in a different way Lord Clarendon was of this class also. When he was in the Excise office in Dublin, and all through his younger life, there was but a distant probability of his coming to the title, and he had to work really for his bread. And the training of his youth was probably of use to him always. To the last week of his death he was a curiously unremitting worker. With somewhat peculiar hours and times he got through more work probably in the twenty-four hours than most administrators of his time, and finished it all with care and accuracy. There were none of the gratuitous blunders and hurried errors which mostly characterize the work of one who is much praised for great activity; everything was carefully considered and carefully executed.

Perhaps it is not unconnected with this praise that there was an indescribable repose about Lord Clarendon's manner and appearance. No one who saw him, in his later years at least, would have ever thought him a specially active man. He seemed a very calm, sensible, and singularly courteous old gentleman; and it would scarcely have occurred to a casual observer that he was an exceedingly indefatigable worker. But those who have watched the habits of men of business in politics and out of it will have seen many cases in which a still and quiet man who does not seem to be doing much, and probably is talking of something quite different, has in matter of fact and at the week's end accomplished much more than the "rushing mighty wind;"—the very energetic man who is never idle or at rest and who has no thought but his office business. A still man like Lord Clarendon has time to think what he will do, and most incessant men are apt to act before they have thought, and therefore land where they should not, or else lose half their time in sailing back again.

It was, perhaps, the result of Lord Clarendon's early training that he always took great interest in commerce, and whenever he had the power steadily used the agency of the Foreign office for its advantage. He was much too thoroughly on a level with his time to do this by an aggressive foreign policy. The old notion of fighting for foreign markets, or of intriguing for their exclusive use, had so completely died

out that he cannot be praised for being exempt from it. Lord Clarendon used only the legitimate functions for trade purposes. He was especially eager for the collection of actual statistical information by our foreign consuls and embassies. The commencement of their reports on these subjects, and the establishment of the Board of Trade, were largely owing to his great interest in these objects.

That Lord Clarendon showed great originality as a Foreign Minister will hardly be contended, and some, among whom we are ourselves to be found, will have grave doubts whether extreme originality in such office is either possible or desirable. The cases of great invention are rare in all business, but they are particularly rare in those kinds of business which require the constant consent of many persons—and of these the English Foreign policy is one. Not, indeed, that at the moment of taking his decision, the Foreign Minister is particularly trammelled. In great cases he must consult the Prime Minister and perhaps the Cabinet. But if these stood by themselves, having the power of peculiar information, he could probably mostly carry with him the minds of men occupied with near and pressing questions, and not in general ready to acquire disagreeable and uncertain detail as to remote topics and strange events. But the great obstacle to originality is the English nation. In a free country a minister can only do that which the nation is prepared for, and if he tries to do more the nation will disown him. Within special limits, and on minor questions, he can give an effectual guidance and control decision, but beyond those limits, and on vital matters, he has no power at all. The subtle power which we call "opinion," which is the product of so long a history and the offspring of so many causes, hems him in, and he cannot do as he would, but if he stays must act as he would not. An irritable farseeing originality is commonly a vice in business, and in a Foreign Minister it would be an intolerable nuisance. It was exactly because Lord Clarendon had a delicate instinct of the limits of his power that he was so truly useful and so really influential.

In one respect we are not inclined to join in the universal praise which within the last few days Lord Clarendon has received. He has been greatly praised as a writer, and no doubt he wrote not only with great facility but with much elegance. But there is one great difficulty about almost all his dispatches. Each sentence is clear, and no word brings you to a stop;

but yet after a few paragraphs a careful reader suddenly pauses to think where he is and what he has assented to. And even when he reads the paragraphs over again he will not always find it easy to be sure that he sees the limits of what was meant and the limits of what was not meant. The limpid flow of delicate words takes him steadily on, but where at any precise instant he is he cannot be very confident. For the old intercourse of foreign Courts this sort of style has immense advantages; it gives no present offence, and, having no marked sentences, leaves no barbed words for after irritation. And in Lord Russell we had a warning of the evils of the opposite style. He wrote as he used to speak in the House of Commons. With a certain cold acumen he "pitched" (there is no less familiar word adequate) "into" the foreign Courts, as he used to pitch into Sir Robert Peel; and not being used to Parliamentary plainness the foreign Courts did not like it. Lord Russell hardly conducted a foreign controversy in which the extreme intelligibility of his words did not leave a sting behind them. Of Lord Clarendon the very contrary may be said, — he scarcely left a sting, never an unnecessary one. But, on the other hand, Lord Russell's dispatches, hard and unpleasant as they often are, never left anyone in doubt as to their precise meaning. If they did mislead some foreign Courts it is because they could not understand that a Minister would blurt out all his meaning in that *gauche* manner; but to a common reader they are as plain as words can make them. And, as in the present day, great despatches, being published, are really addressed to whole nations of common readers as well as to small Courts of special training, they ought to be so written as to combine the gentle suavity that suits the one with the unmistakable plainness which is essential to the other. It was exactly the gliding urbanity of Lord Clarendon's style which pleased the Courts while it perplexed the common people.

But we do not need now to dwell at length on a point so subordinate. It is much for a man of Lord Clarendon's standing to have written nearly perfectly in the old style; it is no ground for serious blame to him that he did not invent a new style. He will be remembered by posterity as a Minister singularly suited to the transition age in which he lived, and as possessing both the courtly manners which are going out, and also the commercial tastes and the business knowledge which are coming in. Some critics will, as we

have said, find fault with his want of special designs and of a far reaching policy. But to this generation of Englishmen this was no fault at all. We wish that foreign nations should, as far as may be, solve their own problems; we wish them to gain all the good they can by their own exertions, and to remove all the evil. But we do not wish to take part in their struggles. We fear that we might mistake what was best; we fear that in so shifting a scene we might find years hence, when the truth is known, that we had in fact done exactly the reverse of what we meant, and had really injured what we meant to aid. We fear that amid the confusion our good must turn to evil, and that our help would be a calamity and not a blessing. And for an age like this Lord Clarendon was a fitting Minister, for he had a wise sagacity to interfere as little, and to refrain from acting as much as prudence rendered possible.

From The Spectator.

THE NEW DOGMA.

It is finished. Hurried by the approach of a war which would have filled Rome with Italian troops, alarmed by the bitterness of a controversy which carried away even Cardinals, sickened with the terrible and ever-increasing heat of Rome, the majority of the Œcumenical Council have made one more dead leave; and, on 13th July, the theory of Papal Infallibility was proclaimed by the representatives of Catholic Christendom a dogma of their Church. Henceforward it is sin for any who recognize her authority — that is, for more than half the Christian world — to doubt that the Pope, when deciding *ex cathedra* on matters of faith or morals, has always been, now is, and always will be, so overruled of the Holy Spirit that error is as impossible in his utterance as it would be in that of God. We have all along affirmed our belief that the dogma, which is but the logical completion of a doctrine which has been developing itself for ages, would inevitably be accepted; that the time had arrived when the half-hidden monarchy, which for centuries has controlled the Catholic Republic, must avow itself before the world; that Protestants misunderstood both the extent and the character of the resisting forces, — and the result has proved the soundness of each and of all our conclusions. The opposition has put forward its utmost strength, has gone the length of threatening schism, has been backed even

with menaces by every Catholic power, has exhibited an astonishing superiority in intellect, eloquence, and learning, and has for reward been crushed by a vote of nearly five to one, a vote far greater than that which extinguished Arianism, a vote which may be accepted as irreversible. The only ground on which it could be reversed without destroying the Catholic system would be the allegation that the Council was not free, — an allegation which is not true, as every man there present could have shouted "*Non placet!*" had he been so moved, — and which, if true, could be affirmed only by another Council assembled under similar circumstances, subjected to similar intellectual influences, and pressed by the same necessity for the concentration of power. Nor do we affect to wonder, as most of our contemporaries do, at the triumph of the Papacy. They call the dogma new, but though not formulated as dogma, it has been accepted as fact by the Church for generations. The assent of the Bishops was held to be needful to the decision of the Papacy, but the assent was never withheld. They declared that it was an insult to reason, but an Infallible Person is no more contrary to reason than an Infallible Book, and has the advantage of being able always to explain himself and fit the application of truth to the necessities of the time. They said that faith must crack under so terrible a strain, and forget that, to an immense proportion of mankind, to the majority of women, for instance, a straining exercise of faith, like a straining exercise of obedience, is a delight, — an effort which strengthens the quality itself as use strengthens a muscle. And finally, they argued that an impossible unanimity was essential to the promulgation of so immense a dogma, as if the Holy Spirit could not act through a majority as well as through an unanimous body, — as if the election of each successive Pope, which no Catholic doubts to be dictated from above, were not invariably the result of a conflict sometimes latent, but more frequently avowed.

Nevertheless, though we conceive the result to have been sooner or later inevitable, and see clearly that most of the popular arguments against the dogma assume all the great points at issue — are, in fact, based on the theory that Catholicism is false — though we do not hope that the vote will be followed by schism, and though we can understand that it may produce in some quarters a strange revival of energy, we cannot but believe that it will produce terrible, it may be fatal results upon the

Roman Catholic Church. The precise evils threatened may not, it is true, matter very much. The Liberal Catholics, it is said, may depart; but Liberal Catholicism is almost a contradiction in terms, is at best the day-dream of a few learned men, and if all Liberal Catholics departed, the Church as an organization would probably be all the stronger. No Pope has ever succeeded like this Pope, and he is a man of slight though shrewd intellect, no worldly attainments, and very limited theological culture, — much less, in all probability, than any one of his own chaplains. North Germany, it is said, may go, and it very likely will; but South Germany went once, and went back again. What really matters to Rome is the loss of the people's devotion, the drying-up of that grand reservoir from which she has drawn through ages such an endless array of instruments and powers, and it is this loss with which the dogma threatens her. The masses never have been and probably never will be accurate theologians, but they are always keen observers of the appearance of things; and this dogma, though it changes so little in reality, in appearance changes all. It replaces the vast, formless, mystical entity, the Church, which is never seen in the flesh, and cannot be cross-examined, which is like the universe in its aggregate invisibility, by an individual Italian who eats his dinner, and seems to observers a man like other men, and who can and will be watched by a million eyes eager to convict him of error. The substitution will operate as the introduction of a new book into the Canon would operate among Protestants, will compel them to criticize, and consider, and give reasons to themselves for believing in verbal inspiration, and consideration of that kind is always fatal to blind faith. The veil is torn away, and Catholic mankind is not only forced to believe, but forced to acknowledge to itself, that it believes that Mastai Ferretti, worthy and slightly humorous Italian of seventy, cannot make an official blunder about faith or morals; and that his successor, be he whom he may, however different in mind, character, and training, must inevitably, upon all subjects, implicitly agree with him. The masses, who never blind themselves wholly to outward facts, will be more and more tempted to ask for proof that this man, whom they see described by a thousand pens as a man considering, scheming, arguing, perhaps plotting, is indeed the exponent of unerring truth; and the silent scepticism of the South, the scepticism which is not religious but contemptuous,

which does not encourage schisms or accept reformations, but quietly surrenders belief, will receive a new and amazing impetus. Silently, without parade, without, it may be, giving up the offices of the Church, the people will retire from its pale, as for example, the middle-class of France and Italy have done, until some event, perhaps trivial in itself, reveals to themselves the depth of their own unbelief. This event may be the proclamation of some new dogma by the Pope's own authority, or some demand of extreme inconvenience, or the consecration of some old idea which the world has given up—witchcraft for example—while the priesthood has not. The world saw nothing extraordinary in the Church affirming through a Pope that to take interest for money was sin, because that affirmation was at that time in accord with the silly prejudice against renting out money entertained by all agricultural communities, whatever their creed; but suppose Pio Nono to reaffirm that on the authority of his infallibility, continuing the while to pay interest on his own Debt. There would be no escape possible for the priesthood, no confusion to be created between the Papal authority and that of the Church, there would be a hard, unmistakable, infallible utterance on a high question of morals. And the utterance would be an utterance demonstrably wrong, silly—an utterance of the kind which men, almost without reasoning upon it, feel that they cannot respect. Some such blunder, some such patent proof that the oracle can err, is sooner or later certain, for the Pope after this decree is under a temptation which it is scarcely in human nature to resist,—the temptation to use his new power, to settle once for all some problem or other which has hitherto perplexed mankind. Now he is restrained from blundering by a necessity, more or less felt, of consulting the episcopate,—then he will be alone, uncontrolled, and in theory uncontrollable, save by the necessity of apparent accord with his predecessor, which necessity would not be felt on any novel point. Whenever such an incident occurs, the Catholic community will become conscious that it has ceased to believe that infallibility exists in any mortal, will say so, and will throw off, it may be with agony and effort, it may be with a mere movement of its shoulders, the chain of its ancient creed. This is the process going on everywhere in all Catholic countries, except Ireland—where it has been prevented by Protestant social persecution—and it will be aggravated by the proclama-

tion of the Dogma which its defenders believe is so greatly to strengthen the Church. That dogma brings the first claim of the Church, the one without which she has no *locus standi* down from the heavens to the earth, makes it visible, concrete—in incarnates it, so to speak—and does this in the most realistic and inquisitive cycle through which man has ever passed. How is it possible to believe that faith in infallibility will not be diminished?—and among Catholics everywhere one syllogism, at all events, is universally admitted. The Church is Christianity. If the Church is capable of error, Christianity is a delusion. It is not, therefore, only the Catholic Church but Christianity, which in Catholic countries is threatened by the Dogma.

From The Economist.

THE DECLARATION OF WAR BY FRANCE.

THE declaration of war by France against Prussia is one of those awful events which bring comment to a stand, and which of themselves make an impression far deeper and greater than anything which can be said about them. This time last week almost all the best judges in Europe would have considered such an event impossible. It was bad enough that France should say that the accession of a very distant relative of the King of Prussia to the throne of Spain would be esteemed by her a *casus belli*; it was worse in her to volunteer this in an offensive way before any occasion required it, and so as if possible to cause a quarrel; it was yet worse in France when Prince Leopold resigned his candidature to “ask for more,” and want stipulations for the future which were inconsistent with the dignity of Prussia and which were meant to be refused; it was yet worse to make these further offensive demands in an unprecedentedly offensive manner on the King of Prussia in a public place; but worse than all is the sudden declaration of war which implies a “foregone conclusion,” and shows that, whatever may be said, the momentary candidature of the Hohenzollern Prince was but a pretext, that the Emperor meant from the beginning to fight Prussia, and meant nothing in the least else.

To account for such conduct we have to abandon all recent ideas of the French Emperor, and forget our experience of him as an important statesman and as for years one of the conservators and guardians of the peace of Europe. We must recur to the times following the *coup d'état* when

Louis Napoleon was regarded as a gambler and a desperado capable of planning any misdeed and of committing any crime,—as a man who might invade any country without notice, and who would not want even decent pretext for a war he thought convenient to himself or France. For years we have held other opinions of the French Emperor, and have thought that these old unfavourable ones were fears and fictions. But nothing in them is worse than what he has now done. The most deperate act of a midnight conspirator is not morally worse than a breach of the peace of Europe in this manner on a sudden, and with no object which anyone can state.

When indeed the French proclamation of war reaches us we shall have the decent drapery in which the Emperor clothes his policy. But use what words he may, the momentary pretext can only come to this—that what is called a “relative” of the King of Prussia, that is, a German Prince, who has a common ancestor with the King before the year 1200,—should for a moment have been a candidate for the Spanish Crown, and that the King of Prussia will not promise that he shall never be so again. But what two nations are ever to be at peace if shadows like these are to cause war? England or Prussia might have attacked France on the first beginning of a Bonaparte Empire, on the ground of the probable injury to European equilibrium and its inconsistency with the Vienna treaties, upon far more plausible reasons. A Bonaparte at the Tuileries was much more of a menace to Europe than a Hohenzollern at Madrid is of a menace to France. And the Hohenzollern is not even at Madrid—on the contrary, says he won’t go there; and all the complaint is that Prussia will not say that if he changes his mind he shall not be let go there. A pretext for a great war so little specious and so evanescent was hardly ever seen.

Of course the real reasons are very different. The only rational motives for war are two—one national, and the other per-

sonal. It is said (and is we fear true) that war is popular in Paris, because Prussia is grown suddenly great, and because France has less prestige and is less thought of since she had so large a neighbour. But what is more infamous than to declare that the more prosperous and strong another State, the more bound we are to attack it at once? The same sort of doctrine might be urged in England. No doubt the immense growth of the United States does in some degree diminish the exclusive weight of England. The present French Ambassador at Washington says that “the nations of the past were France and England, but that the nations of the future are America and Germany.” And on that showing, England has as much right to attack America as France to invade Germany. We are glad the United States are great, and similarly France ought to be glad that Prussia is powerful as well as herself.

But perhaps in the obscure mind of the Emperor the personal fate of his dynasty has precedence over the national prosperity of France. Because many soldiers voted against him at the *plebescite* he may wish to divert them, and to make himself popular by an immense war. The new Parliamentary Government to which he is bound is not probably very agreeable, and to get rid of it he wishes to turn men’s thoughts elsewhere, and nothing so much as war changes the current of all ideas and all thoughts. But this is but saying that the French and the Prussians are to be killed for “diversion’s sake.” We seem not to be speaking of this age or of any civilized age, but of some barbarous period, when we discuss the killing of multitudes to please soldiers or to keep a dynasty upon the throne.

Nothing that can be said is adequate to the meaning of this most awful and painful event, and it is most melancholy that with all our boasts of civilization, and after so many centuries of Christianity, so great a crime (for it is no less) should be possible in the world.

THE *Feuille des Jeunes Naturalistes* is a praiseworthy attempt by a small body of French naturalists to establish an international school journal of science and natural history for the boys of France, Germany, and England. Contributions, written in either of the three languages, are invited from any schoolboy; and

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